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Vol. 8 No. 1 30p

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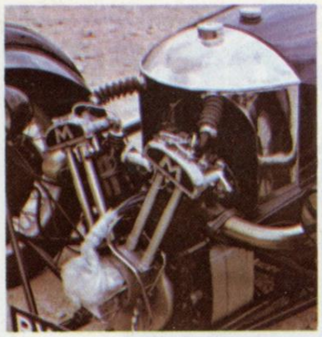

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Telephone number: 01-242 1593

Cover by Gilles Lagarde

VOLUME 8 NUMBER 1 ABC net paid circulation 271,042

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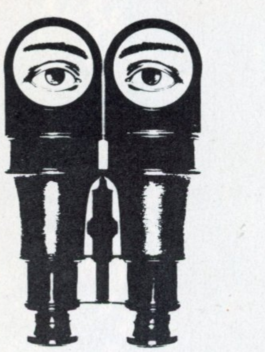

Mayfair Magazine,
95A Chancery Lane,
London WC2A 1DZ

You paid 30p for this copy of *Mayfair*, the same price we have been charging for the last four years. If you bought the previous issue of the magazine you will know we announced then that the price was to rise to 40p. We had gone to press with this announcement in our December issue when the Government price and wages freeze came into operation. We immediately decided to hold our old price and not force a test case. At the same time, you ought to know that you're getting the benefit. Other glossies in our area put their prices up long ago and are therefore able to continue to charge the same price that we cannot charge. Thus we have been penalised for holding our price down. In addition we put the pages up from 84 to 100 in the October and November issues last year. Because we only charged 30p for these bigger issues, we cannot charge any more for the 100 pager in January.

Don't get us wrong. We are not complaining. Harsh steps must be taken to stop the grip of inflation. When the pound floated, through lack of confidence in Britain, we saw our paper prices rocket far beyond a normally negotiated increase.

No, we're not complaining, but as you enjoy this issue, spare us a thought. It is largely on us.

This month sees the *Mayfair* debut of two more writers. On page 36 you will find the first humorous offering from David Jones who comes from the West Country. It actually made our lawyer laugh so it must have something.

David Jones has the ability to take a situation of great normality (in this case, the office lift) and turn it into a sexy comedy. In many ways, if the famous Hancock TV script had been written in this more permissive time it might have read like a David Jones story. If you like his bachelor characters Bruce and Morgan you'll be able to see how their sex adventures develop in future issues.

The second newcomer to the magazine this month is Rosalind Davies who wrote *Was it Something I Said?* Rosalind's writing is perhaps best described as randy. For once it gives the girl's view of office gropings, not in the heavy rather superior tone of the women's glossy magazines, but in a jollier, lighter and altogether sexier vein. We think this story is part of a significant social trend that has largely gone unnoticed. In our experience as journalists it was unusual to get sexy stories from women. Romance and an occasional rape, yes. But jolly rompy sex without emotional overtones was rare. Yet in the last six months we have received a steady inflow of stories in this vein written by women. What does it mean?

Possibly nothing. But possibly the arrival of the Pill and the ending of public moralising is leading gradually to women seeing sex as in a more casual more lustful light.

We're not moralising either on whether that is good or bad (probably both) but, in the meantime, enjoy a sexy romp, so to speak, with Rosalind Davies.

Champagne in the office, again, the other day.

What new successes for *Mayfair?* To celebrate record breaking months in the department that deals with sales of our books and films.

What's the reason? Well, more and more men are buying *Mayfair* each month, for a start. But even so, the vast majority of *Mayfair* readers are regular buyers who must have seen our books and films pages many times. We like to think that the faith readers tell us they have in the value of the magazine, leads them to rely on getting the same value from our books and films section.

But we must admit, at the same time, that a certain Sunday newspaper story telling how Penny Mallett had made a nude film for an (unnamed) magazine was hardly likely to decrease sales . . .

GODFREY DAVIS
GODFREY DAVIS

Three wheeling – mobile theme from Godfrey Davis' 1973 calendar

Mayfair's calendar sales, this year already exceeding 120,000 make it possibly the biggest selling girl calendar in Britain. Each year now there seems to be a trendy contest by some firms to produce the most talked-about girl calendar. This, of course, began with the famous Pirelli calendar which in early years, in our opinion, combined great artistry and great eroticism. These days it seems to have see-sawed on one side, certainly not eroticism. In its wake comes a number of rivals led by Avon. This year Godfrey Davis, the motor-hire people, have come up with their own. The pictures are by Sam Haskins who once did a successful and original girl set called 'Cowboy Kate'. The shots are, for our money, a bit mixed. We like the strobe effect of the picture we reproduce here. He also does a nice line in knickers. But sticking a bargain label on a girl and putting her in a supermarket trolley does not necessarily make for a memorable picture. Most people will like the printing, however. Godfrey Davis went to our own printers, Beric Press, to get the result they wanted.

Baldness, as we have said before, is a major male preoccupation.

Which made of more than usual interest the latest findings from the Roney Clinic, which specialises in diseases of the scalp.

From a study of clinical records of 2,000 patients (which in mathematical terms makes the findings statistically significant) they conclude that tall men are more likely to lose their hair.

The national proportion of six-footers is estimated to be under 10 per cent. But 20 per cent of balding men examined by the clinic were six feet tall or over.

'We have always suspected that tall people were particularly prone to early hair loss,' says Mrs Betty Roney, Principal of the clinic, 'but it is only recently that we have been including weight and height in our case sheets.'

The reason? Possibly because the tall man has more circulatory 'pipework' and the extremities do not get their full share . . . Now that's a thought, for another survey . . .

LAST CHANCE

FOR MAYFAIR'S 1973 COLOUR CALENDAR

Don't get left behind. Order your copy of the colourful 1973 Mayfair calendar while it is still available. More than 100,000 men enjoyed the 1972 production and even more want the new one. The twelve erotic poses of our hand-picked girls will take you through from the dark winter months to summer and on to the end of the year. Buy it for yourself or as a year long gift for a friend.

Each calendar comes to you by return post in its own plain box envelope, so it cannot be bent or folded in the post. Price? Only 75p plus 10p postage and packing.

But be warned. Stocks will not last. All calendar publishers print less than the demand so none are left over. So don't waste a minute in making your date with this host of delicious girls. This is positively your last opportunity. Avoid disappointment by getting yours now.

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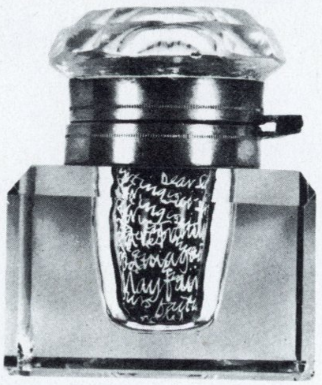
LETTERS



This is where we invite you to add to the controversy and the anecdote of Mayfair. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

I am a happily married man in my early thirties and until recently had never been unfaithful to my wife and had often wondered what I'd do given the opportunity.

Last month I had to meet some business colleagues in London. We were to meet at a hotel to discuss a takeover bid. The meeting was a success and so was the evening's entertainment. Four of us went to a West End nightclub to dine and celebrate our decision and the cabaret consisted of two strippers, a poor comedian and a girl singer. It was the singer who made it a memorable night. She was quite tall, very attractive and had a figure that would make the mouth water. When she sang she revealed a bare leg to the hip, and no underwear.

After the cabaret couples started dancing and looking round I saw her seated by the bar. I dared myself to go and ask her for a dance and to my surprise and my friends' envy she said she'd be pleased to, after I'd bought her a sweet vermouth.

We danced apart until she said that a slow smooch session was imminent and then the lights went low and she clung to me like a leech. I couldn't help myself but by now I was getting an almighty hard on and she knew it. She kissed me saying we've got ten minutes and then she pulled her skirt round so the slit went right up to her belly button. I put my hand there rather shakily and she was ready for it. Warm and moist. She unzipped me saying she was on the pill (my God, my wife. But she was 140 miles away).

Holding my penis she raised herself onto it and pulled me home. I came almost immediately but she stayed like it until she said that the lights were about to brighten up again. We arranged ourselves and went back to the bar, and after another drink her taxi arrived. She thanked me and waved goodbye.

It was an incredible experience and if I'd read this anywhere I wouldn't have believed it, but it is true. Roll on more business trips.

(Full name and address withheld for obvious reasons)

Keep Carrie going! She's the best part of *Mayfair*, especially if she keeps getting tied up in the way she does. Long may she find situations in which she is constantly tied up in different positions – and always losing her clothes.

Don Rutherford, London Road, Battlebury, Southampton.

Your correspondent G. M. Pawsey, in Vol. 7, No. 11, would like to see pictures of female pudenda, and this reminded me of an amusing incident of some years ago, at the time I was working at a certain aircraft factory.

I had taken a photograph of the female genitals, which was life-size on the needle-sharp negative and in startling detail. A colleague at the factory was in charge of a huge enlarging camera which could blow up a picture something like 100 times its normal size, and this chappie, with large toothy smile, asked to borrow my negative.

Some while later he called me in to the lofting room and showed me an eight-feet high sheet of sensitised metal upon which he had projected and developed what was just a small area of my original picture. The result was fantastic, and barely recognisable. It looked like nothing more than an aerial shot of the Alps.

This I feel would have delighted Mr Pawsey, and I am sorry that both gigantic enlargement and the negative are long gone, but not before the former produced howls of merriment all round.

C.F.T., Bexley Street, Windsor, Berks

Mlle E.M. of Ruven, France,

in Vol. 7, No. 8 is quite right to shave her vaginal hair. It is in fact an old Bedouin custom. I too am a nurse and have found that every Arab girl practising this art always has an attentive husband. The girls use a mixture of lemon juice and sugar cake to pull out their downy hair and they insist that it is not painful.

Personally, I shave and perfume before every date.

Is it worth it? A thousand times yes. Shaved, I get more thrills from foreplay than I ever did with a forest hiding my pubic arch. My only regret is that I didn't know the difference it makes on a man's ability until I was over 32. Mlle E.M. has an 11 year advantage – more jollies for her.

Please do not print my name. My holiday in England is over and I am going back to the land of strict Arab morality and censorship.

A Bedouin girl. (Full name and address withheld)

The letters about pubic hair in Vol. 7, No. 10, reminded me of an experience I had some time ago in a French provincial town. There was a fair in progress and in the evening I went to see it. Apart from the usual roundabouts and shooting galleries there were some small side shows, one of which advertised a hairy woman. A young French couple entered, the girl wearing an engagement ring, and I followed. We were the only spectators. The woman was wearing a long garment like an old-fashioned nightie and after some preliminary talk she lowered it to her waist. She had long hair covering her chest and shoulders but not her big flabby tits. Then she stepped out of the garment and we saw that the lower part of her body was also hair-covered. The hair was so long that what was really her pubic hair reached more than half way down her thighs. She then explained that when she made love she had to get this hair out of the way, and, suiting the action to the words, she scooped the hair upwards and displayed her sex. The French girl turned scarlet!

Richard M. Young, Harnham Road, Salisbury, Wiltshire.

As a middle-aged man I can recall most vividly when rising 13 years of age the sight of a female assistant dressing the window of a ladies dress shop. Skirts were long in those days and she was crouching on her haunches with thighs spread apart displaying her violet coloured knickers. This spectacle really turned me on and I have remained a knickers fan to this day.

The girls in those days did not cheat because their skirts barely covered their knickers: the slightest movement in bending or stretching being sufficient to reveal them.

J. Hamilton, Brampton Road, Bexleyheath, Kent

I would like to say how much I agree with K.T.'s letter on page 98 of Vol. 7, No. 11 about the Phoenix Club in Old Compton Street.

I think it is an excellent club but I would ask that the management put on more coloured girls as there is only one there at present.

Also, would the Carnival Club, opposite, install a bar.

P.G., c/o Royal Automobile Club, Pall Mall. (Full name and address withheld)

Your letters on the delightful subject of camiknickers prompt me to write and describe a 'view' I had at the tender age of 13½ – the age when discovery, investigation, excitement, and embarrassment were all included in the word sex.

I was a boarder at a prep-school and I had never really seen between a woman's legs, as we described it. Glimpses of pubic hair and bare breasts of women changing on the beach, yes, but little else.

At this prep-school, however, we had on the staff two female teachers and the matron. All were unmarried and lived in and were, I suppose, in the 25 to 35 age bracket. Each evening one of these three would be on duty to see that we were washed and ready for bed by the prescribed time and although I paid no attention to it at the time, one in particular would always be coming into the bathroom and chatting while we bathed. Also she would frequently visit the 'seniors' dormitory while we were undressing.

One night she was talking to me, while I was bathing, about how she and her brother used to bath together and make a mess of the bathroom. As she was talking about herself I began to get an erection at the

Turn to page 8

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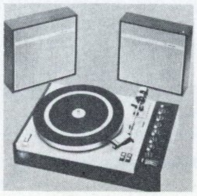
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LETTERS

continued from page 7

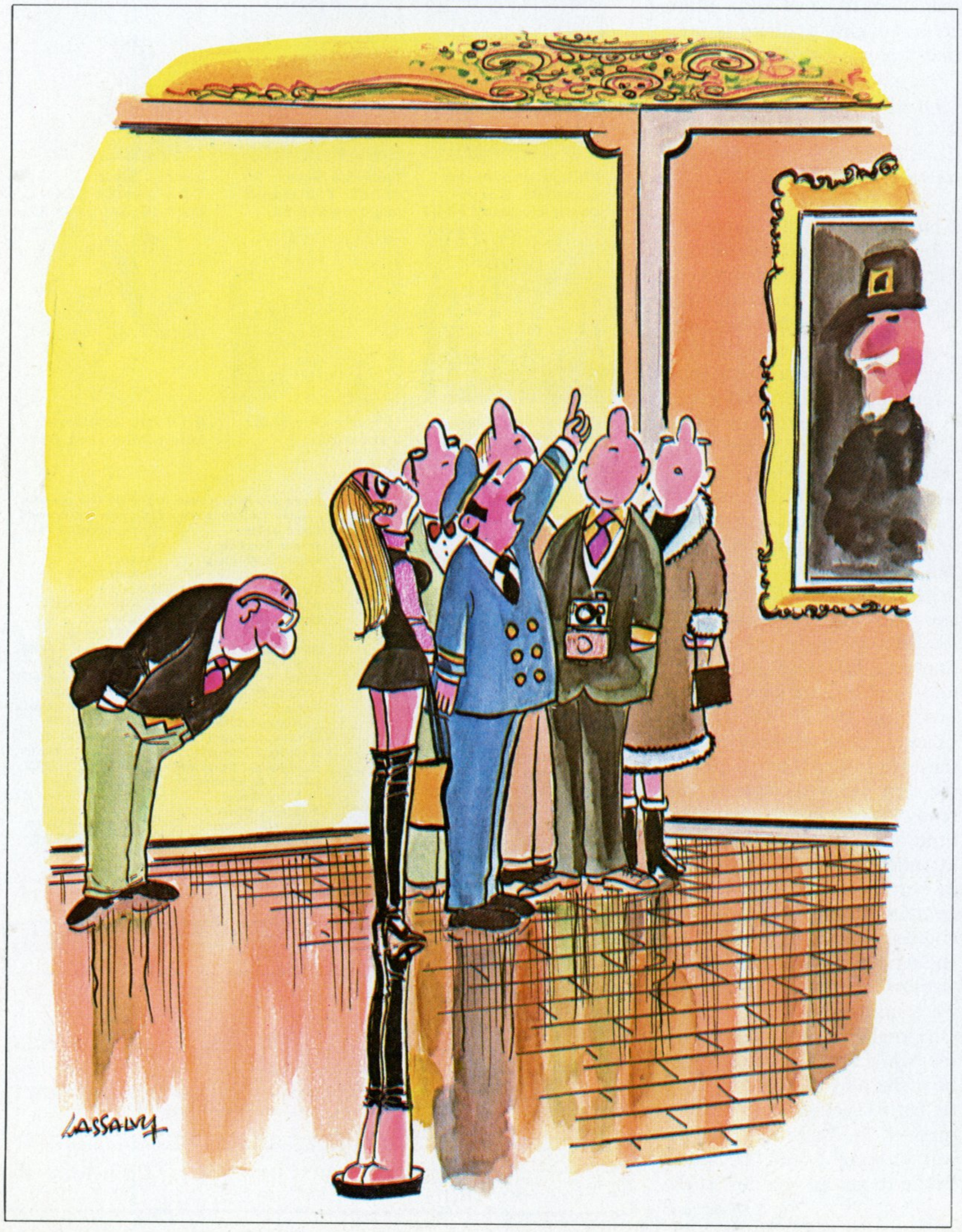
thought of it (this happened in the war when five inches of water only was permitted, so my erect state was very obvious). Naturally I was embarrassed and tried to cover myself up, only to have my hands pulled away and told in a mocking-laughing voice: 'Don't be silly, I know what little boys look like. It's perfectly natural, you're growing up, that's all – don't be shy' (or something like that – I can't remember her exact words). But I do remember that her voice and presence made me get the most enormous erection I had ever had and that she kept looking from my face to my penis with a slight smile on her lips. And I was not allowed to cover myself up! After a few moments she left telling me to get washed and into bed, or something like that.

The next day, on the lawn, I was talking to this same school-mistress after she had called to me. She told me to sit on the lawn while we chatted and she then deliberately squatted in front of me with her knees wide apart, still chatting in a most natural fashion. Now this, under any circumstances would have been erotic in the extreme, but she was wearing camiknickers and either forgetfully, or deliberately, as I now suspect, had neglected to do up the crotch buttons. This meant that the main flap of her knickers was behind her bottom and the whole of her sex was openly (literally) visible.

Unfortunately, I suppose, after a few seconds of open staring, embarrassment took over as far as I was concerned and apart from stealing momentary glances between her legs and at her open cleft, I was too scared to stare openly for very long. I can't even remember how the situation ended, and certainly nothing like that ever happened again. Nonetheless, this made a very profound impression upon me, and I have had a bit of a fixation about camiknickers ever since. I bitterly regret their passing and the arrival of tights and close fitting panties. This all happened almost 30 years ago, but I will never forget this exciting experience.

By the way, I freely admit that I am rather reluctant to believe a number of the letters you publish and treat them as erotic fantasy. This account is in fact a genuine experience, but forgive the lack of address as I hold a responsible job and am well known.

P.C., Buckinghamshire



All letters are acknowledged to source. That some of them may appear as erotic fantasy is open to conjecture, for we cannot guarantee that all the facts described do take place. On the other hand, our strong reader relationship means that people are willing to describe through our pages experiences that they would normally find too embarrassing to mention in public.

There has been a lot of fuss about tights in your letters columns. I fail to see what is wrong with tights, especially now that the open-crotch type are coming in. My wife has recently started wearing open tights and no bra, and I find we are enjoying the gift of intercourse far more often.

John, Warrington. (Full name and address withheld)

Prompted by your Quest series on girls who take the lead, I would like to describe an experience I had with the wife of my boss. She was 27 years old at the time, and a very attractive redhead. I was 19, single and living in a flat, and I had spent many an evening at their home playing chess and records. When he was transferred to another town his wife stayed until he could find accommodation for her but he told me I was still welcome to visit, which I did two or three times a week.

On the evening in question, she was looking more lovely than usual. She was showing a lot of leg while sitting down and when she bent over I could see her panties and the cheeks of her bottom. During the evening I had cramp in my leg and when she rubbed it for me her breasts were brushing against my knees. About midnight I said I had better be going, but before I left I made some comment about her leading me on and she kissed me. In no time at all we were on the floor but I was so worked up that I came before I could enter her. However, she was so passionate and understanding that she had me off twice

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LETTERS

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before I eventually left. Afterwards she told me that she had never had sex with anyone other than her husband before and she had been married several years.
R.D., Reading, Berkshire. (Full name and address withheld)

Bushy, alias Greta, whose hairy glory was so delightfully and excitingly depicted in Vol. 7, No. 11, has certainly 'something special down there'.
Nature has her own logic. Warm climates bring about the most luscious vegetation. And Bushy's hot point is surrounded by a veritable virgin forest (if that is the right word . . .).
What about the size of these forests? Walter, that intrepid pioneer of Victorian days, whose diaries, fortunately preserved, record his very active studies of sex and its habitat in the female body, relates how he once made love to a woman in Glasgow. Afterwards she allowed him to examine her secret attractions. He relates:
' "Now open your thighs – you shall – I will look at it," I said. Reluctantly, she opened them. The bush was long and thick, twisting and curling in masses.'
In another passage, Walter notes: 'I've seen those bare of hair, those with but hairy stubble, those with bushes six inches long.'
Does Walter exaggerate? Or are there such girls?
B.C.F., (Full name and address withheld)

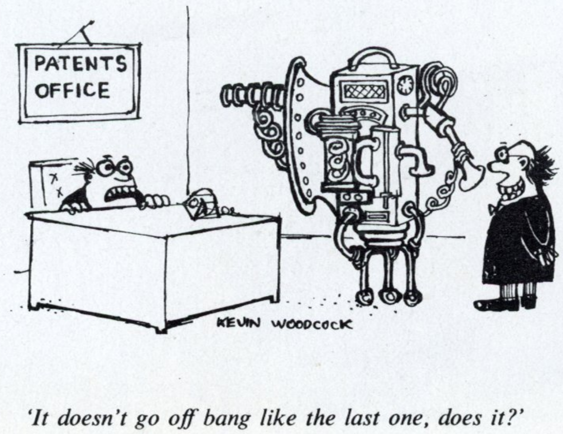
As a regular reader of your excellent, often inspiring, magazine, and as a special fan of Quest, I though you might be interested to hear about an incident which occurred while hitch-hiking with a friend in Holland.
Lifts for two adult males are uncommon on the Continent so you can imagine our surprise and delight when a Dormobile driven by two long-haired Dutch girls stopped. Neither of us had much experience of foreign girls, so when they suggested a picnic we thought nothing of it. What a picnic it turned out to be. The girls drove to a lonely beach near the Belgian border and, suggesting we have a quick swim before lunch, began to strip off their clothes.
Before our disbelieving eyes they peeled off jeans, T-shirts, bras and panties until they stood before us in all their sun-bronzed glory. 'You come too?' whispered the smaller one, and, watching while we undid our trousers, they both suddenly burst out laughing. The suddenness of it all had caused two of the most knicker-tearing erections of our time. The small one put her hands above my hips and ran tiny fingers into the small of my back. She had stopped laughing and was staring longingly into my eyes as I pulled her towards me. We sank into the sand and she moaned and shuddered. For what must have been five minutes our bodies heaved until we discovered the ultimate sensation of the simultaneous climax. Neil, my friend, had by this time found himself in the arms of a blonde sex-kitten, but the sight of her thrusting loins was more than his frustrations could stand. Frantically trying to enter her, he suffered what must have been the most tragic premature ejaculation of all time.
J.D., Leeds

I have a suggestion to make after reading the most enjoyable article Cod Piece in Vol. 7, No. 11.
Just take another look at that drawing, and in particular that lovely big-breasted girl clinging to the legs of that bulging male. Carrie is a success, but how about a male character something like that fellow on page 40. Just imagine what adventures he could have and how many different girls could be involved. It might increase the circulation of women readers, in more ways than one.
Carrie on the good work.
D. Spencer, Sullivan Crescent, Harefield, Middlesex.

We are proud of, and often surprised by the warm response shown by very many of our readers but the letter below, and accompanying picture sent in by Mrs Julie King, takes some beating.

As you can see, my husband and I are ardent readers of your magazine and wish the staff and all your readers a very happy New Year.
Julie King, Ashford, Middlesex

As a regular reader of *Mayfair* I must congratulate you on an excellent magazine. It is much better than all the German ones and is outstanding among the British ones too. But so far I have not seen anything about girls' wrestling. It would surely please your readers.
I became a fan of girls' wrestling when I was staying in Manchester for some weeks last year. I had a pretty British girlfriend there but towards the end of my stay my German girlfriend came over to visit me, and there was an accidental meeting of the two in my room. They did not like this at all and soon a quarrel started in the course of which the Manchester girl suggested a wrestling bout and the German girl accepted. What followed was really fascinating and difficult to describe. The Manchester girl proved to be the more tricky one and knew how to weaken the other's strength (probably because she was a regular watcher of wrestling on the television). After ten minutes she was master of the situation, but did not think of ending the bout until ten minutes later when she pinned her opponent with something like head-between-calves, thighs and buttocks. After some squirming the German girl had to submit finally, but her opponent made the defeat complete by forcing her to admit aloud that the winner was not only stronger but better looking as well.
Since then not only am I a fan of girls' wrestling but my German girlfriend as well, in spite of her defeat. Nowadays she trains with a friend.
R.M., Stuttgart, West Germany. (Full name and address supplied.)



'It doesn't go off bang like the last one, does it?'

Like P.G. in Vol. 7, No. 10 I have come across this fetish for smoking when sexually excited. The woman concerned is about 40 and works in our wages office, and she rarely smokes in the office except when she is talking intimately with someone and getting excited. I learnt about this from a friend who was leaving when he confided that she had once tried to fondle him.
I decided to test this and went to Dorothy's office one day querying my income tax. I was wearing very tight trousers and was already somewhat aroused so as I perched on the edge of her desk talking she had a close up of my condition. She soon sorted out my query and then said: 'Oh, stay for a chat, I don't get many people coming up here. Would you like a cigarette?' I accepted and soon we were both puffing away but I noticed that her cigarette was being consumed at twice the rate of my own. Her eyes didn't leave my bulge as we talked but nothing else happened and I left after I had finished my cigarette.
The next day she rang me and

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LETTERS

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asked me to come and see her that afternoon because of some query about my pension scheme deductions. This time I was hoping to push it further and we followed the same pattern of talking and smoking. I started to fidget around and she said: 'I'm not surprised, those trousers seem very tight.' I replied: 'Only when I come into this office,' hoping to lead her on. She went very red and I thought I'd gone too far but she got her courage back by asking if I wanted another cigarette. Some time later I realised that most of the other office staff had left. 'I think we are the only ones here and I've missed my bus,' I said. 'Oh please, let me have one more cigarette and then I will drop you off,' she said. There was something about the way she said this as if it was the most important thing in the world. I decided to try something. I placed my hand on her breasts and she never said a word, just carried on drawing on her cigarette as if I wasn't there. I moved my hand around and then found the blouse buttons and slipped inside. The office was very quiet and only our breathing could be heard as I began to fondle her nipples. 'Do you think anyone will come in?' I asked. She moved her head to say no and so I opened up her blouse and pushed down her bra to show her breasts. They were larger than I thought and the nipples were starting to swell. I knelt down on the floor in front of her and began to kiss them. She had not done anything except smoke her cigarette but I knew she was very excited because she was taking enormous pulls on the thing. I felt up her skirt and found her moist and waiting and she suddenly clamped her legs on my hand and pulled me against her breasts and gasped. I was very pleased that I had made such a successful visit and she made it even happier by removing my aching penis from its trap for a brief (very brief as it happened) handling. The next day I bought her a packet of cigarettes (the very long variety) and she laughed most heartily but I have only managed that one triumph so far, although I query my wages every week. Perhaps some other lucky devil is getting the extra advantage of those larger cigarettes.

T.L., Slough, Bucks. (Full name and address supplied)

Despite the efforts of prudish boyfriends to stop us, several of the girls in my college read and enjoy your magazine. But Carrie on caning touched us in a tender spot. I am on teaching practice and although some of the boys I've taught would be quite capable of dealing with any female teacher daft enough to put herself at their tender mercy, it is the girls who cause the most trouble.

In my last school, which was a mixed comprehensive, there was a rather dishy man on the P.E. staff. He attracted a lot of attention, which suited him fine, because he liked a friendly tussle with a girl.

However, one girl in the sixth form was almost too much for him. I found her in the gym, one lunchtime, staunching floods of tears. She was lying face down on a coconut mat, sobbing away. I eventually dragged the story from her. She had kidded 'Dishy' into the gym for a bit of mixed wrestling. He had obliged, but every time he wanted to stop, she had threatened to scream. Eventually, drained, he had taken off his gym slipper, put her across his knee and tanned her bare bottom with what strength he had left. This took the wind out of her sails, for a moment – two weeks later she was seen out with a young English teacher.

Anyway, keep up the good work, and how about a feature with Carrie getting her own back and teaching those boys a lesson.

Miss R.B., Avery Hill College, London SE9. (Full name supplied.)

Are you by any chance the girlfriend of the writer of the following letter?

At my training college there are plenty of young men for whom the high spot of the month is the publication of your magazine. You seem to have an inexhaustible supply of desirable, bedworthy birds, all gorgeous and all different. However, as prospective teachers, Carrie on caning in Vol. 7, No. 11 made us curl up. The unlucky Carrie, tied to a desk, bottom a'tingle from that bamboo cane, was highly entertaining. While students generally believe that caning boys is a waste of time, a moderate spanking for the girls is another matter.

Chris Bullock, Avery Hill College, London, SE9.

As I live in Belfast, Northern Ireland, I sometimes get depressed with the troubles and all the bombs and shooting around me. I was, along with my family, forced to leave our former house because of a bomb and the depression got worse. I had always been given to reading war books and western novels which made me a rather glum person who took bombing and shootings just as part of my life. One evening I went into a shop and noticed the lovely cover girl on *Mayfair*, Vol. 7, No. 10 and

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'Oh well, that's show business!'

LETTERS

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bought a copy. The lovely Francesca Hastings made me feel that instead of reading political propaganda, death and terror I should be interested in more beautiful things in life. Later on I joined the St John Ambulance Brigade (I am a former private of the Royal Army Medical Corps) and perhaps in the future I may have the pleasure of helping to preserve such beauty as Francesca has.

I have never before bought *Mayfair*, but I shall continue to buy it and enjoy the female figure in photographic form. In Belfast such beautiful girls as Francesca couldn't even risk an evening out without fear of a bomb explosion disfiguring them.

Francesca and Alix Carpenter made me feel more masculine than the gunmen and bombers who maim human bodies.

G.H., Belfast, Northern Ireland (Full name and address supplied).

There are so many depressing things happening today that we have made it our policy to produce a magazine that has a general cheering up effect.

I was very interested in the letter from Mlle E.M. of Ruven in Vol. 7, No. 8 about the shaving of pubic hair. In France hundreds upon hundreds of women and girls shave their pubic hair, but it is not a question of doing it to wear mini-skirts or see through clothes. My girlfriend and I believe that the appearance of the shaved sex is much more exciting and provokes a very rapid erection. It also feels better because the softest skin on a woman's body is on her genitals and this softness is not felt when the hair is present. Also the sexual pleasure is far greater for the woman because the contact is greater, and cunnilingus is much more interesting, much better without the hair, and the pleasure of the woman is greatly enhanced. The razor is no good for depilation. The hair returns quickly and is bristly. The hot needle is better but more painful. Depilatory creams are excellent, the results lasting 15 days, but some skins are sensitive and irritated by them.

How about a Quest on this subject?

M.Q., Montpellier, France. (Full name and address supplied.)

I have just read Vol. 7, No. 10 of *Mayfair* from cover to cover, my introduction to your magazine, and I can't wait for the next number.

While big bosomy girls have a certain appeal for a lot of men, myself included, I prefer smaller apples and bigger raspberries.

R.A., Northampton. (Full name and address supplied.)

You sound quite a fruity character.

May I say how much I enjoy Jim Bunker's photography, particularly the schoolteacher in Vol. 7, No. 3. The amateur model is very often more exciting than the professional.

(Full name and address withheld.)

The Scandinavian countries are well known for their lack of censorship and most men, and some girls, no doubt wonder what it must be like to be paid to perform in front of the camera. The following letter comes from a Swedish model on holiday in France and as well as describing her profession, she makes some observations based on her private love life. We print it for its intriguing insight into the way a girl balances love and business when sex is her livelihood.

I am Swedish and I first saw *Mayfair* when my boy bought it while we were on vacation in France. We can afford to come to France and Spain because we earn a lot of money modelling in Stockholm. We both do photographic work and Karl, my boy, gets 250 kroner (about £22) every time he does it with a girl. If he enters two girls in one session he gets another 25 per cent, but normally in one day he will have three to four sessions. The girls must take any boy in any way, either vagina or mouth, for 100 kroner (about £9) each time and another 75 kroner (about £6) for sex with a girl. It is very easy for girls to earn 1000 kroner (about £90), but not every day. My Karl is large – all model boys have to be – he is eight and a half inches long. I like to be on vacation with Karl because then we can make love without other people. Karl is good. From the beginning until 20 or 30 minutes after, he first gives me about 20 very fast strokes going in very deep and then we rest. Then about 30 very slow in and out thrusts and a longer rest in which he flicks his penis just as if he were coming. He can do that for a long time and it makes me really hot and wet. Then more lovely thrusts and kisses until he lifts my bottom with both hands and I get 10 to 15 really fast hard thrusts followed by those wonderful last few deep ones.

My advice to your readers is to have a big boy at least once. But if you are pure you must not let a boy break you. Use your finger often in the bath or in bed and once you can get it in move it up and down many times. This will make a hard ring and will thrill you and the boy with the smallness of it.

To the boys I say if you want to make your girl happy play with her to make her come at least once before you go in. You must copy Karl and learn to last a long time.

Please do not print my name as I would have trouble with my modelling contract.

D.J. (Full name and address supplied.)

I have been a regular purchaser of your publication, virtually since its inception, and so have seen over a long period studies of some of the most beautiful and alluring girls in existence.

Quite naturally, the thought has crossed my mind as to how these girls would be to meet in real life, and what they are really like as individual persons. One thinks of such sayings as 'beauty being skin deep'.

Now quite by chance my questions have an answer. In recent months I have found myself in the company of a girl whom I have only known as Alison.

It has been quite an experience, in fact quite unforgettable because I doubt if I have ever met, or ever shall meet again, a more bewitching and utterly enchanting creature whose main aim in life appears to be to make everyone around her feel that the world is a lovely

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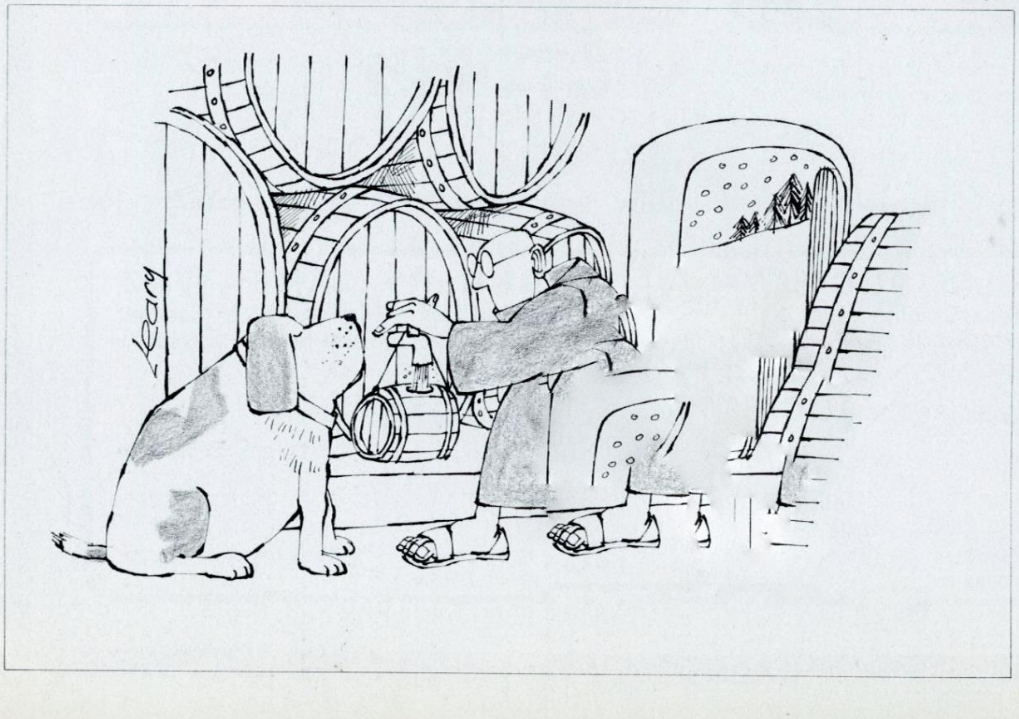

LETTERS

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place after all.

A week or two ago I asked if she had ever done any photographic modelling and said that in view of her loveliness she ought to be the *Mayfair* girl of the month. To my surprise she replied quite casually that I should look up Vol. 6 No. 3, where sure enough there are seven pages of Alison Reed. An amazing fact also came to light. As I move about so much I cannot possibly cart around several years of your issues, and have to give them away after a period, but I had been so enchanted by Alison Reed that I refused to part with her particular issue, not realising that she was the girl I had now met in person, although I had a feeling of recognition somewhere.

W. Austin, London, W1

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

ILLUSTRATION BY WILLIAM RANKIN

WYATT'S REBELLION

Fiction by Paul Hull

Twenty three virginal years on an escapist island. Then came reserved and aristocratic Rosa

Cyril Wyatt had not settled on a small island because he disliked hippies, mods, skinheads and rockers. He did dislike them. He loathed them. Not just their dirty clothes and anti-conventional philosophy, but their blatant practice of free love as well. Anyway, most of the hippies were not born when

Cyril left Britain for his island in the sun. He had done his bit in the War. Nothing heroic and never nearer than six miles to the front line. He had been wounded by a falling brick and was pronounced a daredevil when he dashed back into the burning house to rescue the kettle and his copy of *Vanity Fair*. He reached Major and enjoyed the gastronomical privileges of his rank rather than the responsibility and the power to give orders. In Italy he had a bottle of wine every day from the cellar of the Countess Carla. In France he slept on a real bed for six weeks. Though Madame Lavallier had expected him to share the sheets with her Cyril knew she was only saying that because she thought it was expected of her. Not with a British officer, though. Cyril was a gentleman. He did not take advantage of beautiful women who wanted to be liberated. There was the melon seller in Naples, of course. She had breasts like melons and thighs that demanded all Cyril could give. Her whole life was pleasing men, not like an Italian Countess or a French Mayor's wife to whom adultery is more intimate and personal, to be enjoyed in peace, not snatched in war.

Cyril forecast that Britain would go to the dogs after the War. There would be unemployed hordes of soldiers who thought they alone had won the war. There would be strikes, Communist agitation, jockeys and footballers with knighthoods, and even the Labour Party in power. Youngsters would go gramophone mad and never learn to play the pianoforte. And women would be fighting for husbands. It was always the same after a war. Kill or maim a few thousand eligible bachelors and the women offer anything to get a husband from those who are left. Even women who had given up the struggle would renew battle on the more advantageous terms. Cyril's sister, Victoria, had introduced him to an endless file of willing girls . . . Girls? Those who had not been turned hard or lesbian by military service or experiences in the Land Army were trying to prove that women would rule the world anyway so why were the men still relying on crude muscle power to lord it over them? Some of the girls from Victoria's entourage even wore trousers. Cyril explained to Victoria that he wanted a pretty wife, of good family who would cook and darn his socks, who would give him two or three children, not a career girl who would probably end up earning more money than himself and would have sex when she felt like it and as many children as *she* wanted.

Victoria was disgusted with her brother and said that if he remained a bachelor he would be a disgrace to his ancestral empire-builders. Or he should become a missionary.

'I suppose I was the first postwar drop-out' was his latest comment in the Lord Nelson bar. Joey smiled and made a mental note of the phrase. Mr Wyatt could be relied upon to give any barman a good knowledge of English – so useful when the promised tourist boom would start. Wasn't Mr Wyatt a teacher of English? Did he not receive a packet of London newspapers every week-end? Could he not quote famous authors like Shakespeare and Tolstoy.

'Please, what exactly is a drop-out, Mr Wyatt?' asked Joey, nonchalantly polishing the Englishman's glass on his rag. He washed the rag every week, which surely impressed Mr Wyatt, and was more than Fat Jessie over the street could claim. She polished glasses on her apron; all right if you liked garlic and margarine in your brandy dry. Not a class bar, Jessie's.

'A drop-out, Joey,' began Cyril Wyatt, pausing for the attention of the other men in the bar, 'is someone who starts something big and important, like a degree, and stops halfway through.'

'Why would an educated man do that? It seems silly to have half a degree.'

'It is stupid.' Cyril smiled awkwardly and cleared his throat. 'Of course, when I say that I am a drop-out I do not mean that I have done anything stupid. I never began, Joey. I stopped before I started. I left Britain before the troubles with drug taking, football riots and World Bank loans. I saw it coming. I saw the end of the old values, the crumbling of the fine edifices of our heritage. So I came to your lovely island, where I feel I do something worthwhile.' A murmur of approval and slushing of beer greeted this last remark. 'In your lovely island, where British values are still treasured, I have found twenty-three years of simple happiness. I have given those years of my life, possibly my best years, for you, and you have given me much in return. What more could you give me? What more could I do for you?'

'You could marry one of our girls and make the union between our two countries permanent' called out a young student who was chuckling to himself over an iced lager.

'Shame!' cried the other, older men, in the bar (a phrase the British Parliament uses).

'You should learn manners' tutted Joey to the student. 'Mr Wyatt will never marry. If he will not marry an English rose from London, why should he marry one of our girls?'

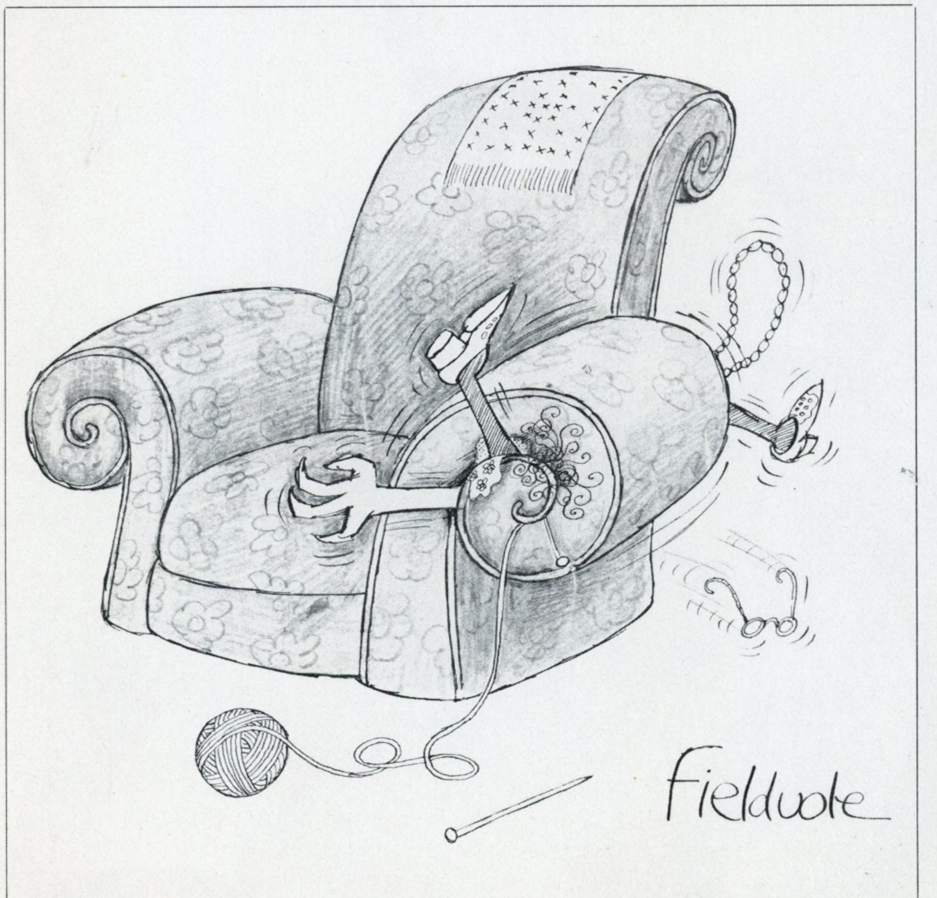
Why, indeed, thought Cyril back at his flat. He would never have admitted that he came to the Island with the intention of many short, passionate affairs with the local, dark beauties. From photographs in the Geographical they looked delicious, full-breasted and agile.

Cyril discovered the attitude of the Islanders to love when he had been there twelve hours, and was still feeling sea-sick. The Principal, while not suggesting anything defective in an ex-Major's morals, pointed out that there were no such things as love affairs on the Island.

If you made love to a local girl she would not keep it secret. She would tell all the neighbours and her parents would make preparations for a wedding. Adultery? The penalties were still very severe and definitely physical.

'What!' snorted Cyril. 'You mean that if I went with a courtesan these people would expect me to marry her? I can understand their feeling that way about their own young men, but I am a British gentleman, with a family tree that spreads further back than Henry the Fourth.'

The Principal smiled. 'Wyatt, old man' he



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WYATT'S REBELLION

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sighed. 'I thought the same as you. But if you settle here, you must live the life of the locals, outwardly at any rate. Inside your flat you can play Beethoven and read Trollope, but outside you wear sloppy trousers and drink beer in a bar on Prince of Wales Square . . . and you support the Arsenal or Manchester United or Tottenham Hotspurs.'

'Have you . . . er . . . experience in these love matters?' asked Cyril. The Principal rang a little bell on his desk. An enormous dark woman entered, smiling and clapping her hands together.

'This is my wife, Lucy. Lucy, this is our new English Expert, Mr Cyril Wyatt. His family comes from Suffolk.'

Lucy had been a slim twenty-year-old when the Principal took a fancy to her. That was four years ago. Now she was fat and acted more like the middle-aged wife of a suburban white-collar worker than a still youthful Mediterranean beauty. On the Island the girls soon became fat, probably because of the heat and the basic pasta diet. And the wine. And pregnancy.

Cyril was tempted to return to England after the first year but the sunshine, the reliable blue of the sky, the slow pace of life . . . he could not face the prospect of the Underground, jostling across Hungerford Bridge or elbowing his way up the escalator at Waterloo.

And although the ever-grinning faces of the local people could become irksome and their rapacious begging of favours infuriating he preferred their expected simplicity to the unexpected insolence of the youngsters round Piccadilly. Victoria had written in April that twice she had to stand up in a bus when there were men sitting down and she had nearly lost her umbrella in the door of a Regent Street store when a teenager let the door slam in front of her. Thank heavens there was nothing like that on the island. The students were polite and clean and everybody made room for Mr Wyatt.

There seemed no way out of the lovemaking problem. He engaged an old harridan as his maid so that there would be no temptation in that direction. None indeed! Amy wore a faded black dress to her ankles; it hung like a blackout over her flat chest and enormous rear. Amy was good insurance. Not only was she no temptation in herself – she was also so inquisitive that Cyril could never have anybody to the flat without her knowing.

'I see the Principal was here yesterday' she would smile if she saw gold-tipped cigarette ends in the waste paper basket. Or 'Doesn't Lady Smythe-Weston wear exquisite perfume?' or 'Some of those students are quite careless with their feet.'

His life soon became very routine, but pleasant enough. He lectured mornings only and had most afternoons to himself. Occasionally a student would visit him about some problem in literature, less often about a personal problem. Not one student in twenty three years had had a sex problem. Money, family, academic, even health problems for the learned Mr Wyatt. But no sex.

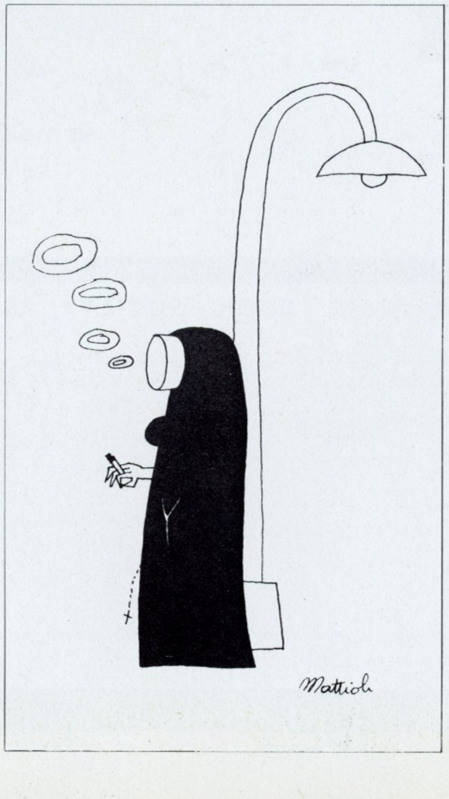
Cyril's weekly parcel of newspapers was well known – but nobody guessed that there were always a couple of men's magazines inside *The Times*. Such corrupting magazines were banned on the island. Cyril still thought it miraculous that Amy had never discovered them. She was not supposed to go into the small room he called his library but she probably did.

The magazines were well hidden behind ten volumes of erotic sixteenth century poetry. These would have been banned by the customs men, too, but none of them could read French or Italian.

Most afternoons Cyril had a siesta. At first he thought the siesta was further proof of the native idleness but the first July changed his mind. In the early afternoon heat you could do nothing but sleep. He slept from two till three twenty, exactly. The shopkeepers opposite opened their shops as soon as they heard Mr Wyatt playing the piano. That would be three thirty. Cyril had a shower after his rest and always played the piano immediately.

Knowing the neighbours would be listening at that time, before the lorries and donkey carts started their din, Cyril would play his best known pieces first, usually Bach or Chopin. One day he tried a Rachmaninoff prelude and the jeweller knocked to see if he was all right.

At four o'clock Cyril would go for a promenade to the gardens near the bus terminus at the end of Prince of Wales Square. The blue and white bus which did the run up the coast road left when Mr Wyatt sat down on the green bench under the statue of King Edward VII and threw his first breadcrumbs to the goldfish. At the same moment everything began to come alive in the square. Shutters banged open, men yawned and girls stretched themselves in doorways or leaned provocatively over their balconies to the bus drivers and idlers below.



The clock on the Government Building had gone wrong five years before but nobody had repaired it. Mr Wyatt was the most reliable chronometer on the Island. And didn't he check his watch by the news every morning on the BBC World Service?

Throwing the first crumbs to the goldfish was the signal for the blue and white bus to start; his first cigarette opened the Bazaar, Charlie's Emporium and the little draper's on the corner; as he crushed the stub under his heel the orange bus to the dockyard started and the confectioner opened his candy-striped shutters.

Miss Rosa Difigli started to walk from her vast villa towards the gardens. At four thirty she would pass in front of Cyril Wyatt. Though apparently engrossed in his book, Cyril had many times observed the attractions of Miss Difigli. But every day their conversation was the same, abrupt politeness.

'Lovely in the gardens this afternoon, Mr Wyatt.'

'Beautiful, Miss Difigli. Let's hope tomorrow will be as nice,'

Thus the evening life of Prince of Wales Square began. Cyril walked home through the square, nodding graciously to shopkeepers and people who knew him, feeling like the Lord of the Manor who strolls down his country lane before the admiring gaze of the peasants mowing the lawns of their tiered gardens.

On the third Friday in August the heat and humidity were unbearable. After a wet, cold Easter the summer had roared into the island like an angry lion. A few large drops of rain fell just before five. Cyril sweated back to his flat from the college and collapsed into his big, winged armchair. He stretched his hand out to the small refrigerator by the chair and grasped a bottle of beer. It was slippery and smashed down on the tiles.

'Damn!' bellowed Cyril. 'Damn! Damn! Damn!' He wasn't going to leave the mess on the floor for Amy to make remarks about drunken orgies. Wiping it up was easier than he thought. He took another beer and felt its chilling life seep through his body. Twenty three years in a Paradise Island and that was his greatest pleasure. A cold beer.

Throughout the evening Cyril became more morose as the beer bottles emptied. All this time he thought he had been clever. Away from Britain and its decadence. On a beautiful island where changes never happened. A blasted medieval recluse. What a waste of manhood.

He was approaching fifty and nothing to show for it but an adequate library and the servile admiration of unimportant people. It struck him coldly through his beer-fuzzed haze that he might even be the laughing-stock of the island. The Englishman abroad, relict of the colonial days in his floppy hat and drill trousers. Probably the students thought he was an old-fashioned fuddy-duddy. His jokes must be twenty-three years' old; he had never changed

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WYATT'S REBELLION

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them. Why did they laugh at him, then? Sympathy? Pity?

On Saturday he dismissed Amy with a month's wages instead of notice. She didn't even cry. On Sunday he turned up late for morning service in the cathedral and wore his dark grey suit. He sat in front of the Governor. After the service Cyril stood in the porch smiling and smoking. He tossed the cigarette end into the pink hydrangea under the notice board.

'It's Sunday, Mr Wyatt' whispered Joey helpfully as Cyril strode into the Lord Nelson Bar. When Mr Wyatt sat down at a table instead of standing at the bar, Joey's face looked troubled.

'I know it's Sunday. And about time I changed my habits. We cannot live in the past, you know.'

Several people missed the coast road bus that afternoon because Cyril had no siesta and arrived at the gardens fully twenty minutes early. When Rosa Difigli approached his bench he stood up.

'Lovely in the gardens this afternoon, Mr Wyatt' she smiled.

'But cooler in my flat, Miss Difigli. Would you like to come round for some tea?'

Rosa's dark brown eyes opened wide. 'Why Mr Wyatt, I would dearly love to do that.'

As they strolled back towards his flat Cyril knew that people were staring, rubbing their indigenous eyes. Good. He felt like doing something scandalous, even if it meant the sack from the college and social expulsion. He was supposed to be going to a cocktail party that evening. He paused at the corner of Point Street and Alexandra Grove.

'Would you think it impolite on my part, Miss Difigli, if I changed my mind? Would you care to come to supper this evening instead of tea? Say, about eight o'clock.'

Miss Rosa Difigli raised an eyebrow and smiled.

'That would be delightful, Mr Wyatt.'

Cyril watched her as she walked back towards her villa near the Square. She had a fine figure. She must be thirty three or so . . . she had been on the island for about five or six years. Funny she shouldn't be married. He slammed the front door with his heel and peered at himself in the dark mirror above the umbrella stand.

'Not too young for a man of my maturity' he murmured.

Somehow, without Amy, he managed to produce an excellent meal. Mainly packeted stuff, but the wine was German, not local. These packet foods were one thing which was progress since the War. He wore the smoking-jacket in Thai silk, Victoria had sent that to him from Hongkong. No cummerbund. That would look as if he were trying to conceal a paunch. Despite his inactive life Cyril had maintained a most presentable figure.

Miss Difigli was a courteous five minutes late and smiled warmly as he took her coat. Her dress took his breath away. It was white crochet work; beneath it a white nylon slip that clung to every curve of her.

'That is a delightful ensemble, Miss Difigli.'

'Rosa, please.' She shrugged her shoulders. 'I have had no chance to wear this since I came to the island, not once in six years. It must look old-fashioned.'

'Not at all. I'm Cyril. I haven't worn this jacket in twelve years anyway, not since the last-but-three Governor's farewell drinks. I can't even remember his name.'

Through the meal they talked. Through the wine and liqueur. Rosa came to the island when her parents died, to live in the vast villa they bequeathed. Married? To one of these ignorant islanders? No, she was definitely not an islander. She was Italian of noble, well, semi-noble ancestry. She did not want to go back to Italy where many people voted Communist and culture was only in the history books. Just like Cyril and Britain. Her only treat was her daily walk in the gardens, apart from music and occasional oil painting. She had not been to one cocktail party, not to one other house on the island . . . how she longed for intelligent company . . . how grateful she was to Mr Wyatt . . . Cyril . . .

Cyril reflected upon the food, the radiance of his splendid companion and the taste of the brandy he was now fondling, and noticed the sudden silence emanating from his ancient record player. A thought sprang to mind and he rose from the table. A few moments of gentlemanly pottering through his record collection and he had what he wanted. He carefully took out an LP, set it on the record player and smiled to himself as the opening bars of the Anniversary Waltz flowed from the loudspeaker.

'Come,' he said, 'I haven't danced since . . . Oh for years.' Now there is a feeling of well being that two people usually achieve after good wine and Cyril and Rosa were no exceptions. Intoxicated would be an overstatement, particularly when applied to an Italian lady of semi-noble ancestry and a retired British major. Unconcernedly happy? Yes.

As they danced about the room, laughing as they escaped collision with the occasional chair, the looks and smiles pointedly indicated what both were thinking and it was not entirely an accident that they collapsed on the sofa, a bundle of arms and legs.

Cyril's hand fell into place on Rosa's behind and her plump breasts, heaving as she gained her breath, pressed against his chest. He briefly had a vision of the melon seller in Naples as the friendly peck that Rosa aimed at his lips turned into a warm, exploring caress.

Preliminaries seemed unnecessary and Cyril fumbled with the fastenings of her dress, clumsily, his fingers sweating and disobedient. Easing gently away, she gave him a reassuring squeeze on the inside of his thigh, stood up and with a few deft movements, slid from her dress and slip. She wore nothing underneath, and the dark tan of her body showed she sunbathed naked. Her breasts were large, but unusually firm and full for their size, her stomach smooth but for her gently concaved navel, her leg

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WYATT'S REBELLION

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muscles taut and strong. She was the kind of woman that men's erotic dreams are made of. Cyril stood up and began to undo his trousers as she kissed him and unbuttoned his shirt. Both were now naked. She clasped her hands behind him and kissed her way down his body until she was kneeling on the floor. He sank down with her as she lowered herself backwards on to the carpet, caressing his hair with her lips as he took hold of her breasts, kneading them into his face. Her nails dug into his back as his exploring hands crossed her stomach and found her thighs. A warm dampness told him that Rosa was more than ready . . . She took him in her hands and guided him as he mounted her, and they rocked steadily but firmly like a rowing boat negotiating a heavy sea. They came together easily, as though they were lovers of some years standing, and it was past midnight before they rose from the sitting room floor.

The students noticed the change on Monday. 'Winsome' Wyatt looked smart. He smiled. He made a new funny . . . quite blue, in fact. There was a veritable explosion of laughter when he told them the story about the curate who misquoted Tennyson to the Bishop's wife. After the lectures Cyril had to force his way through the crowd of clapping students. He heard one girl whisper: 'Wyatt's human after all. He should get a mistress.'

Instead of going into the gardens Cyril turned right at the Derby club and gaily opened the gate of Miss Difigli's front garden. He tossed a florin to three small boys who had followed him all the way from the College. An old Italian maid answered the door and showed him to a cool sitting-room. Rosa came in wearing a scarlet towelling robe, over nothing, he noticed, as she bent to offer him a cigarette.

'Cyril. I wondered if you would come.'

'Why? After the other evening, surely . . .'

'You may have thought I was just an aristocratic tart.'

Decidedly outspoken for a lady. In the next few weeks he came to admire her candour, her humour and depth of thought. And especially her magnificent, generous body. Some of the girls in the magazines he received each week were well-made but Rosa was magnificent. Every part of her was full and firm, every part able to give its own pleasure.

Cyril married Rosa. He retired on her money – and his own substantial savings – and they lived in the villa with the purple bougainvillaea. They went to London and Rome for their honeymoon. It rained all the time and there were student demonstrations outside their hotels in both cities. They only stayed a week.

Back on the island they noticed changes. The clock on the Government building was being repaired. The bus company had published a timetable, impressive but inaccurate, true to the island's tradition. There were questions in the fifty-three-seat Parliament about the financial and social obligations of resident aliens. The Lord Nelson Bar had closed, while Joey made alterations to turn it into the Via Appia nightclub. The students had demonstrated to demand Mr Wyatt's appointment as Chief Education Officer and had begun to grow their hair long. The men were not shaving – the girls were wearing ridiculous short skirts.

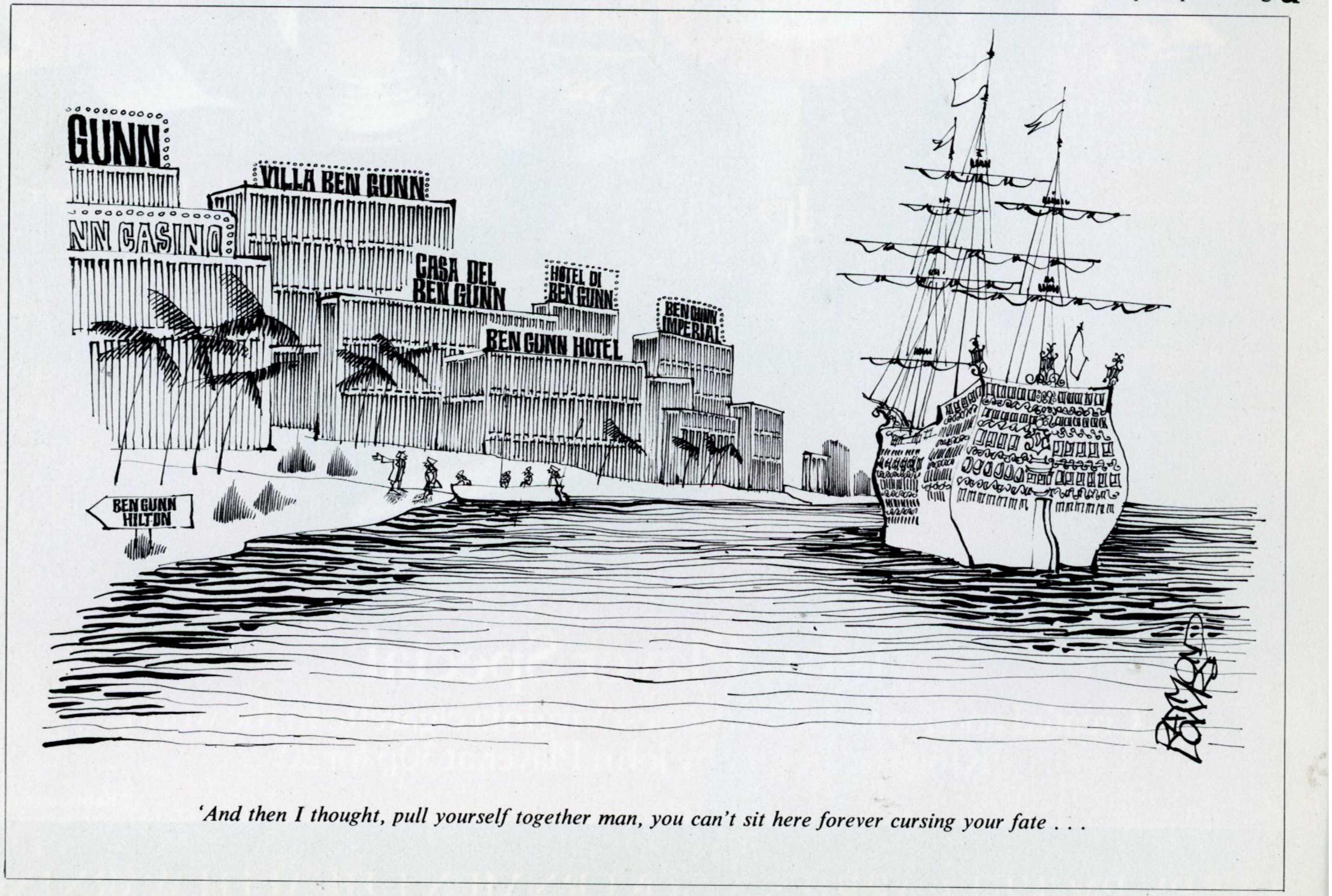
Transistor radios were heard in the gardens. Two of the goldfish died. The Minister of Health admitted that he had five illegitimate children by the daughter of his chief clerk. The Education Minister fled the island after a scandal about the money sent from Britain to start a new technical college. The dustmen went on strike because they wanted white coats and the policemen complained that British-style helmets were not suitable in ninety degrees. The whole island seemed to be catching up with Britain very rapidly. There was even talk that the Nationalist Party which had ruled since 1925 would be ousted by the Labour Party at the next election.

On their first wedding anniversary Cyril smiled at Rosa across the elegant mahogany dining-table.

'You know, Rosa, my darling. The island is getting British again. They'll be demanding independence soon. Do you think . . .?'

Rosa grinned. 'I have thought about it a long time. Italy is no better – they are even finding jobs for the peasants in the South.' She sat back and sighed. 'There are places in the Pacific where the natives still go about naked.'

Cyril smiled to himself. Rosa was pregnant. A Pacific island sounded quite promising



'And then I thought, pull yourself together man, you can't sit here forever cursing your fate . . .

DID THE DEVIL TAKE HER?

For some girls the appeal of witchcraft lies in its mystical nature. But it is the Black Art's obvious eroticism that pulls most of them

Brian Ward explores the sexual aspects of Satanism

A great upsurge of interest in witchcraft has developed in the past few years. Books on the subject have been published, written by self-proclaimed witches, whose claims to be the inheritors of an ancient tradition are dismissed by scholars as arrant rubbish. Few subjects have generated so much interest, or brought so much undignified wrangling between otherwise respectable historians and anthropologists.

Some hold that there never were any witches; that the whole thing was cooked up by the Church or by sadistic inquisitors. Others insist that witches were simply psychopaths, or bad-tempered old women who had antagonised their neighbours and been falsely accused. A popular theory (which is naturally rejected by the experts) holds that witches were the survivors of the pre-Christian religion, and that they were persecuted by the early Church as being a threat to its growing power. Modern witches subscribe to this view, and claim that their religion has survived in secret for more than a thousand years.

Through all these conflicting claims and theories, only one thread runs continuously; all agree that there was a strong sexual element. And this can still be seen in the

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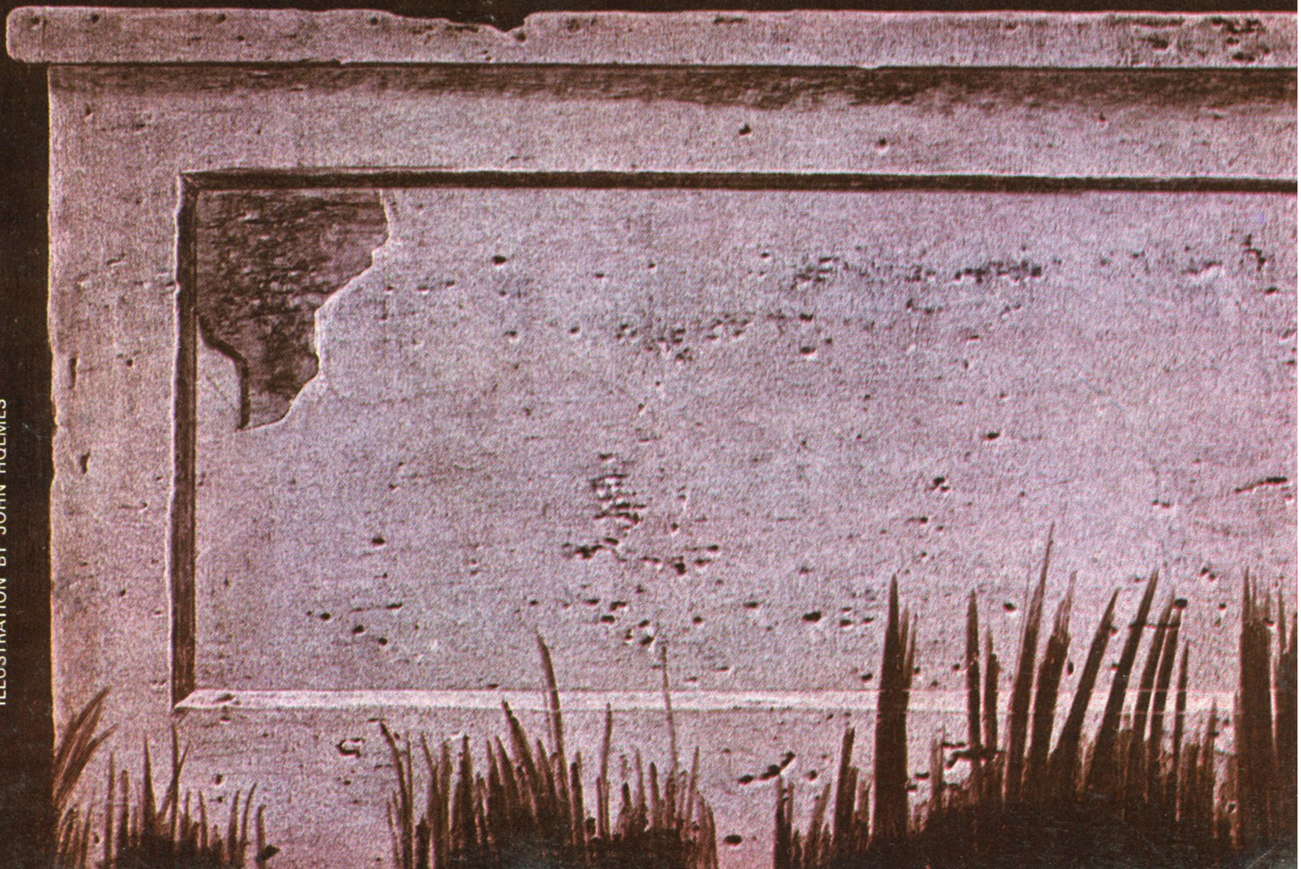

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN HOLMES

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modern covens in the U.K. and elsewhere.

Much of our knowledge of the alleged practices of medieval witches comes from the writings of the demonologists. These scholars were usually Church inquisitors, or sometimes lawyers, and their books were intended to tell their contemporaries of the fearful powers of witches, and of the practical methods to be used in eradicating them – usually with the aid of torture. Whether or not the witch practices described ever occurred, the books reflect current ideas of what witches could do, and were responsible for spreading both the beliefs and the resulting persecution throughout most of Europe, and even to North America. The most bizarre witch tales came from Germany, France, and Scotland; in comparison, English witches were maidenly.

The most influential of these books was the *Malleus Maleficarum*, or *Witch Hammer*, written by two Dominican monks, and published in 1486. It was primarily responsible for the orgy of torture inflicted upon thousands of undoubtedly innocent people during the 16th and 17th centuries, and has been described as one of the wickedest and most obscene books ever written.

The *Malleus* and its many successors comprise a great catalogue of the sexual hangups of medieval Europe. Most of the sexual problems attributed to witchcraft or to the power of the devil can be interpreted in modern psychiatric terms.

One of the most worrying bewitchments was impotence, which the demonologists called 'ligature', and which could take most unusual forms. One demonologist wrote:

'The first is when one of a married couple is made hateful to the other, or both hateful to each other, by means of suspicion or by the affliction of some disease.' We hardly need witchcraft to explain this domestic scene. 'Husband and wife are either kept apart in different places; or when they try and approach each other a phantasm or some such thing is interposed between them.' One interpretation of this situation would be that the sexual partner was subconsciously identified with a sister or mother, and that the mind conjured up the 'ghost' to avoid the feeling of breaking the incest taboo.

'When the vital spirit is hindered from flowing to the genital organ, so that the emission of semen is prevented.' This may possibly be *coitus reservatus*, an uncommon condition usually ascribed to a deep fear of causing pregnancy.

'When the man's penis becomes flabby whenever he wishes to perform the sex act.' Still probably the most common form of impotence.

'Closing or narrowing of the female genitals.' Presumably *vaginismus*, which can result from fear of sexual intercourse, and '. . . a retraction, hiding, or actual removal of the male's genitals.' This odd condition is one which the demonologists describe in great detail. They point out that the apparent removal of the genitals is not always carried out by the Devil, or by witches. In one case, a monk was tempted by the thirty nuns in his care, and prayed long and hard for deliverance. In a vision, he saw three angels, who promised to free him from lust, and promptly castrated him. The cure was successful, and he ruled his harem for another forty years without temptation. Identical results could follow a witch's curse, as the following tale from the *Malleus* shows:

'In the town of Ratisbon a certain young man who had an intrigue with a girl, wishing to leave her, lost his member; that is to say, some glamour was cast over it so that he could see or touch nothing but his smooth body. In his worry over this he went to a tavern to drink wine; and after he had sat there for a while he got into conversation with another woman who was there, and told her the cause of his sadness, explaining everything and demonstrating in his body that it was so. The woman was astute, and asked whether he suspected anyone; and when he named such a one, unfolding the whole matter, she said: 'If persuasion is not enough, you must use some violence, to induce her to restore you to your health'. So in the evening the young man watched the way by which the witch was in the habit of going, and finding her, prayed her to restore to him the health of his body. And when she maintained that she was innocent and knew nothing about it, he fell upon her, and winding a towel tightly around her neck, choked her, saying: 'Unless you give me back my health, you shall die at my hands.' Then she, being unable to cry out, and with her face already swelling and growing black, said: 'Let me go, and I will heal you'. The young man then relaxed the pressure of the towel, and the witch touched him with her hand between the thighs, saying: 'Now you have what you desire'. And the young man, as he afterwards said, plainly felt, before he had verified it by looking or touching, that his member had been restored to him by the mere touch of the witch.'

Probably the hero of this story was of a sadistic bent. Note that he had been drinking, and that he regained his potency only after violently attacking the girl.

Even in this grim book, pure comedy unintentionally intrudes, as when it describes those 'witches who in this way sometimes collect male organs in great numbers, as many as twenty or thirty together, and put them in a bird's nest, or shut them up in a box, where they move themselves like living members, and eat oats and corn . . .'

'For a certain man tells that, when he had lost his member, he approached a known witch to ask her to restore it to him. She told the afflicted man to climb a certain tree, and that he might take which he liked out of a nest in which there were certain members. And when he tried to take a big one, the witch said: "You must not take that one"; adding "because it belonged to a parish priest." '

It was recognised that sometimes only the victim's senses were deceived; his penis still being apparent to others. Presumably this was a form of hysterical impotence, resembling the disease 'Koro', which still spasmodically breaks out in Chinese communities. The sufferer is convinced that his penis is retracting slowly into his body, and that when it finally disappears, he will die. The victim usually appears at his doctor's desperately clutching his penis, or sometimes with the rest of the family gripping it, in an effort to stop its final disappearance. Sufferers have even been known to hopefully tie their organs to heavy pieces of furniture. They attribute Koro to eating pork – which is just as likely a cause as was witchcraft in medieval times.

The acid test in cases of impotence was that 'when the member is in no way stirred and can never perform the act of coition, this is a sign of frigidity of nature, but when it is stirred and yet cannot become erect, it is a sign of witchcraft.'

Erotic dreams were invariably put down to the activities of demons who delighted in copulating with sleeping men and women, who they then turned into witches. Succubi turned their attention to men, and incubi were the more common demons who molested sleeping women.

Animated literary battles took place, debating the finer points of copulation with these beings. Various knotty problems were discussed; for example, could an incubus emit semen? And if so, where did it come from? For the Devil, of course, was incapable of actual creation of such material. One writer ingeniously got round the problem by suggesting that the demon first became a succubus, and obtained semen by copulation with a sleeping man. He then promptly changed into a male demon, or incubus, and discharged the stolen semen into a suitable sleeping lady-witch.

These acts even took place before observers, for 'witches have often been seen lying on their backs in the fields or the woods, naked up to the very navel, and it has been apparent from the disposition of those limbs and members which pertain to the venereal act and orgasm, as also from the agitation of their legs and thighs, that, all invisibly to the bystanders, they have been copulating with incubus devils . . .'

One unfortunate man copulated uncontrollably in front of his wife, with an invisible being, to the point of his absolute,

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'You can't fool me, Grumpseed – this is the instant bat's blood!'

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apparently as a result of offending a local witch.

The astonishing lengths to which the Devil would go to discredit the Church is shown by the incident of the woman who screamed out when she was attacked in her bed by an incubus. When help came, the ingenious demon hid under the bed, where he was later found, disguised in the form of one Bishop Silvanus. Fortunately, it was clear to all that this could not really be the saintly bishop, but was simply a demon masquerading in his form.

Another woman claimed to have a demon which copulated with her from the inside, while the Abbess Madalena of Cordoba had continuous intercourse with her demon for thirty years.

Largely as a result of torture, people accused of witchcraft admitted all this and much more. Gradually the picture of an organised cult was built up, although it is still not clear how much of the confessions were put into the mouths of the accused by the inquisitors, and how much was genuine. The legendary Witches' Sabbath probably did take place, with its ritual copulation with the Devil, who was a man dressed up as a goat, or some other suitable animal. The Black Mass, beloved by the Sunday newspapers, was apparently a late addition to the Sabbath. Indeed, there is hardly any evidence that the Black Mass was ever celebrated, except perhaps recently, and then probably for the benefit of the credulous.

The bulk of the confessions contain convincing accounts of intercourse with the Devil, and these are quite different from the exploits of incubi and succubi.

It is clear that an artificial penis must have been used, both from descriptions of the organ, and because the Devil was usually said to have intercourse with all the women at the Sabbath, one after the other.

'Jaquenne Paget declared that she had many times held the demon's member in her hand, and she examined it, and that the member was as cold as ice, as long as a finger, and less thick than that of a man.'

'His member poked out and hung down; the monster was as long as a forearm.'

'The Devil, when he was in the form of a man, or in the shape of a goat, always had a member like a mule, being chosen to imitate that animal's one, as being the most suitable. It is as long and thick as an arm.'

'The member of the Devil is about half as long as a leg, of medium thickness, dark red, twisted, and very rough and prickly.'

'This evil demon's member was divided along its length; half of iron, half of flesh, and his testicles the same. He always had his member exposed.'

'The Devil had a member made of horn, or so it appeared; that is why he made women scream so much.'

Descriptions of the actual intercourse also tend to confirm that an artificial penis was used. They are remarkably unanimous, in that the Devil's semen was always cold, and that intercourse with him was painful.

'That he had a member made like a horse, as cold as ice when it entered, emitting very cold semen, and on coming out, burnt her as though on fire.'

'Nearly all the witches said that this coupling was usually unpleasant, not so much because of the ugliness and deformity of Satan, but because of the extreme pain it caused them.'

'She copulated with the Devil, and because his member was covered with scales, she suffered extreme pain.'

'The children heard the women screaming like people in agony, and when they saw them back at the Sabbath, they were all bloody. When they coupled, they lost much blood, and suffered a thousand pains.'

'She coupled with the Devil, and because his member was scaly, he made her suffer extreme pain, but perhaps because his semen was extremely cold, she never became fat.'

In fact, witches very seldom became pregnant by the Devil, although if they were already pregnant, he preferred not to copulate with them.

He was also sensitive about the appearance of witches who presented themselves for his attentions, for 'it was the Devil's custom to have intercourse with beautiful women from the front, and with the ugly ones from the rear.'

Apart from the sexual activities of their Devil, the ordinary witches of the coven were not above using magic for sexual purposes. On one occasion this backfired, with hilarious results.

This happened when a witch called Dr Fian tried unsuccessfully to seduce a local girl. The doctor was a teacher, and the girl's brother was one of his pupils, so he enlisted the lad's aid, by promising him fewer canings than usual. The boy, who slept in the same bed as his sister, was told to pluck out three of her pubic hairs while she was asleep, and to wrap them in a piece of charmed paper. Unfortunately, he woke the girl; she complained to her mother, who was herself a witch, and immediately guessed what was going on. She went and clipped some hairs from a cow's udders, which she wrapped in the paper, and then gave it to the boy, to give to the doctor. The spell was highly successful, but the result was that a bewitched and amorous cow pursued the doctor into church, and then chased him outside, 'leaping and dancing upon him . . . to the great admiration of all the townsmen of Saltpans.'

Some accounts of the Sabbath describe meetings of thousands of witches; of flying through the air; eating dead babies, and so on. Even the most bigoted admitted that this could occur in the minds of the accused, or perhaps in dreams.

The legendary 'flying ointment' of the witches is suspected of having hallucinogenic properties, and examination of the constituents seems to bear this out. Several formulae are known; a typical ointment contained baby's fat, juice of water parsnip, soot, cinquefoil, aconite, and deadly nightshade. Atropine, extracted from the aconite produces irregularities and slowing of the heart beat, while belladonna, from the deadly nightshade, can cause excitement or even delirium. Taken in combination, the effects are unpredictable; they could well produce sensations of flying and erotic dreams. One problem with this theory is that these drugs are poorly absorbed through the skin. However, witches were often said to anoint a staff or a broomstick with the ointment, and naked, to ride off astride it to the Sabbath. This would

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Mike Williams

'Actually I'm only a handsome pretender. I was born a toad.'

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give ample opportunity for absorbtion of the drugs through the thin mucous membranes of the vagina. Even when the ointment is rubbed on other parts of the body, however, modern investigators have found that it can produce remarkable hallucinations; it also gave one a violent headache.

Some modern witches claim to produce similar results by eating preparations of the fly agaric; a red toadstool with white spots, often found in birch woods. The fly agaric contains several hallucinogens, together with a variety of more or less poisonous drugs. A considerable quantity would need to be taken for full effect, and as the juice burns the mouth like liquid fire, perhaps the claims of the latter-day witches should not be taken too seriously. But don't experiment – the fly agaric closely resembles some extremely poisonous toadstools.

The more preposterous claims of the demonologists at last became too much for thinking people. As Europe moved into the 18th and 19th centuries, belief in witches faded, and was eventually almost totally rejected. Doctors began to look for other causes for mental and physical disease, and the witches were relegated to a few backwoods areas.

In fact, it is very difficult to find convincing evidence for the survival of witchcraft as a cult, between the ending of the persecution and the 're-emergence' of the modern witches. Such odd traces as are found, however, seem to follow in the footsteps of their pedecessors. Although the orgiastic Sabbath is less in evidence, later witches were still deeply preoccupied with sexual matters, and became accepted as the purveyors of love charms. The Devil was no longer to be seen, but witches were still able to provide a curse for all occasions.

When the persecution was at its height, the witch-finders were less active in Italy than in the rest of Europe. Probably because their activities were less restricted, witches persisted in Italy throughout the 19th century, and some in places, up to the present. Some eighty years ago, in Tuscany, witches worshipped a goddess called Aradia, who was born to the Roman goddess Diana, as a result of her incest with her brother, Lucifer. According to the witches' 'Gospel,' Aradia had been sent down from Paradise to teach witchcraft to the poor and oppressed, and to help them fight those who enslaved them – that is, the Church and the nobility. The 'Gospel' gave detailed instructions for the witches' rites, and various magical rites to be performed. These closely resemble the traditional Sabbath, even to the sexual element:

'And as the sign that ye are truly free,
Ye shall be naked in your rites, both men
And women also: this shall last until
The last of your oppressors shall be dead;
And ye shall make the game of Benevento,
Extinguishing the lights . . .'

The game of 'Benevento' is presumably mass copulation of the participants.

In addition to Aradia, the Tuscan witches offered prayers to Cain, the original anti-hero, who seems to be a substitute for the Devil. In the witches' legend, Abel was presented as having dabbled with sorcery, and Cain was the unlucky but well-meaning brother. Cain was imprisoned by God in the moon, as a punishment for the murder of Abel, and was instructed to grant the wishes of witches and sorcerers.

In a long and complicated spell, the witch called on Cain to torture the man she wanted as a lover:

'. . . May suffering be his lot
By day as in the night,
May he not eat or drink,
Nor may he sleep at night . . .'

Italian witches could lay curses reminiscent of Macbeth's three crones. In one, the witch caught a black cat, skinned it, and burnt the skin to ashes. This she mixed with scrapings from the corns found on a horse's leg, pepper, and earth over which a toad had walked.

The whole mess was placed in a small bag, while the witch chanted:

'Poisoned earth and powder fine
To the powdered cat I join,
'Tis the worst, and yet the best
For my vengeance – for the rest
Cat skin powdered; naught is worse;
With the scrapings of a horse,
Pepper next, to make it good,
Earth well poisoned by a toad:
'Tis a mixture which, when done,
Will wrack and ruin many a one,
And they shall know no good or peace,
Nor shall their sufferings ever cease,
Until they humbly come to me
And beg for mercy on their knees,
Which I *may* grant – if I should please.'

Seductions were accomplished by smearing the lips with stolen baptismal oil, and then kissing the unsuspecting victim.

If the witch's lover spurned her and planned to marry another, the happy event could be completely blighted. The witch simply presented the bridal pair with sweets which she had made from her menstrual blood, mixed with rue and cummin, over which she mumbled:

'I make these comfits, may they bear
Deep affliction, malediction,
Here upon this married pair . . .'

Very similar recipes are still in use in parts of Italy. One *fattura d'amore* or love charm requires the witch to mix her menstrual blood and some pubic hair together, dry them in an oven, and grind them to a powder. This mixture is taken to church, and an invocation is muttered over it during Mass, to charge it with magical power. The powder is introduced into the victim's food, and he falls helplessly in love with the witch.

This unsavoury spell can backfire, if the victim strikes back with the even nastier counter-spell, the *fattura di disamore*. He simply makes a powder of his own dried faeces, and slips it in the witch's food.

At least as late as the 1920's, a similar witch cult existed in the Ozarks, a remote mountain area in the United States. These witches lived up to the worst expectations of the ancient demonologists, with flying on broomsticks, midnight Sabbaths, and the whole bag of tricks.

Initiation took place in a churchyard, on a moonless night. The initiate pledged herself, body and soul, to the Devil, stripped naked, and had intercourse with an established witch, before two equally naked witnesses. This was repeated on two more successive nights, and she was then irrevocably committed to the Devil. The ceremony always resulted in the death of a relative or friend of the new witch, so was not entered into lightly.

Many love charms and spells survive from other areas, but few have any apparent connection with organised witchcraft. For example, if a Romanian girl wished to see her future husband, she had only to stand naked on a dung-hill, holding a piece of Christmas cake in her mouth; at midnight, of course. She could seduce a man by pronouncing the correct spell, removing all her clothes, then sneaking into his room and snipping off some of his hair as he lay

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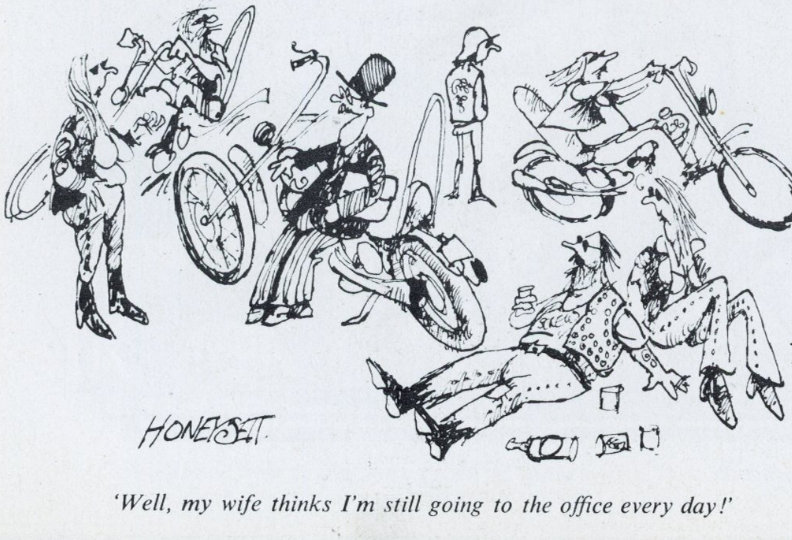

'Well, my wife thinks I'm still going to the office every day!'

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asleep. Presumably, success depended upon tactfully waking the victim at the appropriate moment.

Because of the proverbial randiness of dogs, they are frequently used in sexual magic. To seduce a girl, the magician can cover two copulating dogs with a cloth, which he later presents to his intended, saying (under his breath, preferably):

'I the dog, she the bitch,
I the helve, she the axe,
I the cock, she the hen
That, that I desire.'

Similarly, dogs could be used to prepare an infallible aphrodisiac: 'On a suitable night, kill a black dog and a black bitch, tear out their genitals, and boil these down to a paste. Whoever consumes a small portion of this marvellous material will be fired with lust for any women he chooses.'

These practices are by no means dead, as an acquaintance discovered when her child was born in Ibiza several years ago. She later found that the midwife, who was also the local witch, had triumphantly carried off the placenta, made it into soup, and doled it out to her grateful male neighbours as an aphrodiasic.

Shortly after the repeal of the Witchcraft Act, in 1951, a book called *Witchcraft Today* revealed that witchcraft still survived; not just as a collection of odd charms and folklore, but as an organised and secretive cult. To the delight of the Sunday newspapers, the author, Gerald Gardner, described how witches performed their rites in the nude, dancing around a magic circle. In spite of the protestations of Gardner and his fellow-witches that they were simple fun-loving fertility-worshippers, the popular press and the Church combined to accuse them of performing sexual orgies, and of Devil worship.

Notwithstanding the air of injured innocence he adopted in a later book, Gardner could not have been surprised at the reaction, and in fact this sort of publicity probably attracted more converts than it drove away.

For once the scholars ceased squabbling, and all combined to declare the new witchcraft a put-up job. It had been, they said, recently concocted, and bore no relation to traditional witchcraft (which most of them did not belief in, either).

Whether or not there ever was a witch cult, the modern version seems a little too good to be true. Although it is possible that fragments of an ancient tradition could have survived into the 20th century, and that Gardner, or some other person could have built up the cult on this flimsy foundation, examination of the witches' 'traditions' shows very little remaining 'folk' belief. The cult may well be a modern art product, but it is not without interest, as it skilfully combines elements of most of the known practices of European witches of the past. It also adds a few new twists, such as flagellation and bondage, which may reflect the personal inclinations of the person who either rewrote or created the rituals.

Apart from its obvious entertainment value, the purpose of modern witchcraft is to worship the witch god and goddess, and to work magic with their aid. Normally the goddess is the senior of the pair, and according to the whim of the coven leader she may be called after any of the goddesses of antiquity; Diana, Adraste, Cerridwen, Hecate, and so on. Her consort is usually horned, and is variously identified with the Devil, Cernunnos, Janus, Lleu, Ogmius, or any other suitable figure. During the ceremonies, the witch gods are impersonated by the priest and priestess of the particular coven.

One thing all the covens have in common is the *Book of Shadows*, which each convert copies down by hand, and which acts as a rule book and bible. This curious document is carefully kept from outsiders, as being the witches' greatest secret. On close examination, one can only wonder why.

The gospel it preaches, written in a pseudo-17th century style, is a mixture of the beliefs of the Italian witches, Victorian occultists, and Aleister Crowley, the Great Beast, liberally laced with bits of Greek and Roman mythology. Gardner was a friend and admirer of Crowley, and it has been suggested that Crowley, rather than Gardner, was the inventor of the cult.

The sexual element runs through the rituals, from nudity to actual intercourse. Most witches conduct their business naked, but some profess 'Druidic' origins, and work robed and hooded.

Novice witches are initiated in a complex ritual which involves binding the arms behind the back, blindfolding, and symbolically threatening with a sword. Apart from the nudity, so far this resembles Masonic ritual. Next comes a ritual flagellation which (depending on the sadistic tendencies of the priest or priestess administering it) may be a token scourging, or may be laid on in earnest.

At various stages in the rites, the 'Five-fold Kiss' is administered. The priestess (or priest) kneels before the initiate, and kisses his feet, saying, 'Blessed be thy feet, that have brought thee in these ways.' She then kisses his knees, saying, 'Blessed be thy knees that shall kneel at the sacred altar,' followed by his (or her) genitals, saying, 'Blessed be thy phallus (or womb) without which we would not be.' Then, 'Blessed be thy breast formed in beauty and in strength,' and, 'Blessed be thy lips that shall utter the sacred names,' with the appropriate kisses.

This has obvious affinities with a more ribald form of salute recorded in 1609: 'Also they bowed, and went down on their knees; they kissed the Devil by the left eye, on the breast, the rump, the thigh, and on the shameful parts; then lifting up the tail, they kissed his arse.'

There are two further degrees of initiation; the second is undertaken after some training in spell-casting; the third allows the witch to start his or her own coven. Not all witches use the third-degree ritual of the 'Great Rite,' which is supposed to have been a speciality of Gardner's. This involves actual intercourse, and is sometimes performed in front of the coven members. The *Book of Shadows* contains detailed instructions: '. . . he moves his legs outside hers. She kisses him. He moves his legs back. She brings her legs round him. She lifts herself up to him, until he is in a kneeling position.'

'. . . the High Priestess lies flat, and returns to the pentacle position (i.e. arms and legs splayed out). The High Priest says: 'The five true points of fellowship, here where the lance and grail unite. And feet and knees and breast and lips.'

After all this, as a distinct anti-climax, the coven adjourn for 'feasting and games.'

Since Gardner's death in 1964, considerable strife has broken out among the witches. Even witchcraft has trends. There has been a recent tendency for more progressive witches to widen their scope to include Egyptian magic and Cabbalistic magic of the Aleister Crowley type, rather than the more folksy rituals practised by the Gardnerians.

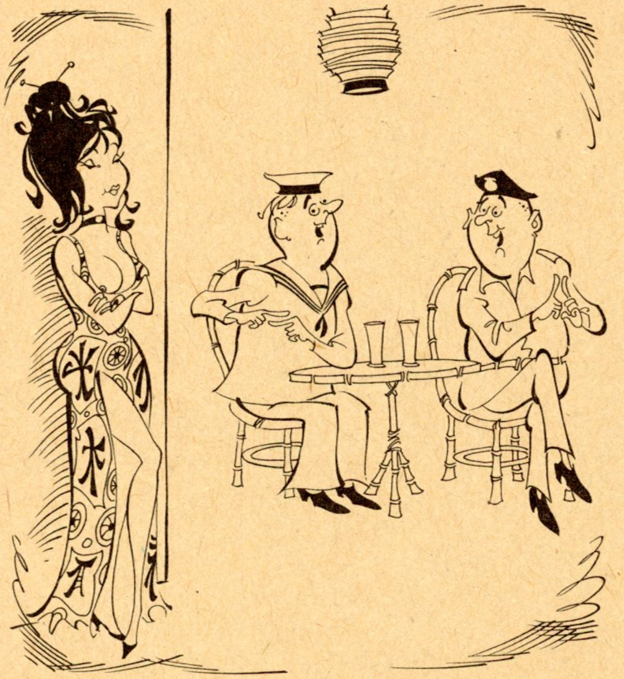
In the absence of a generally acknowledged leader, various colourful individuals have claimed the 'throne.' A certain witch modestly claims that a team of lady witches was sent down from the Isle of Man to take a plaster cast of his erect penis. From this a bronze copy was to be made, to grace Gerald Gardner's personal altar.

'Thank heavens, Hargreaves, I never thought we'd make it!'

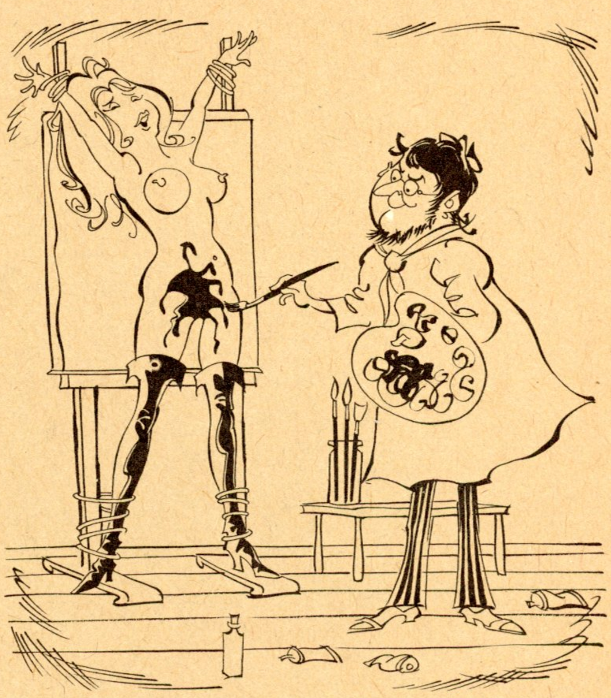
A major airline will startle the aviation world with details of a totally new service.

BOLD MOORE'S ALMANACK

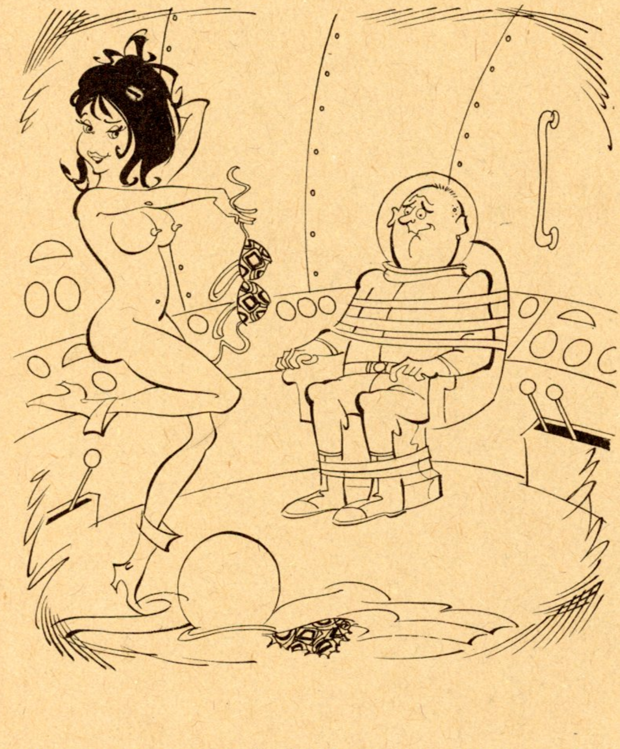
Old Moore's Almanack tends to portentous pronouncements. Paul White shows that to a randy mind even these can have an uplifting effect



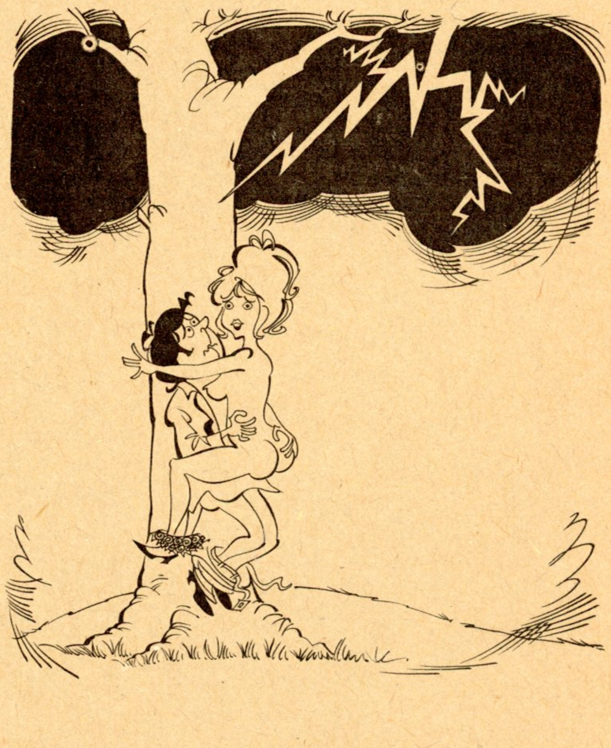
The Eastern Question will once again assume importance.



A prominent actress will be involved in a smear campaign.

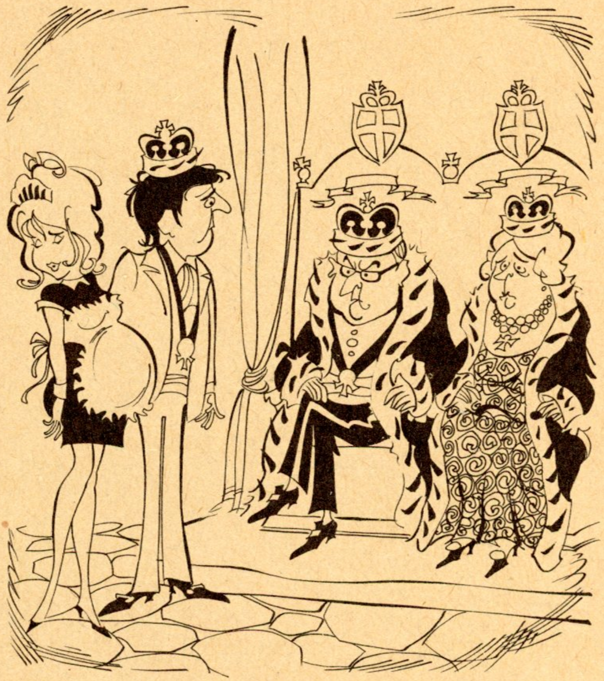


New American research will show man's ability to withstand space flight pressures.

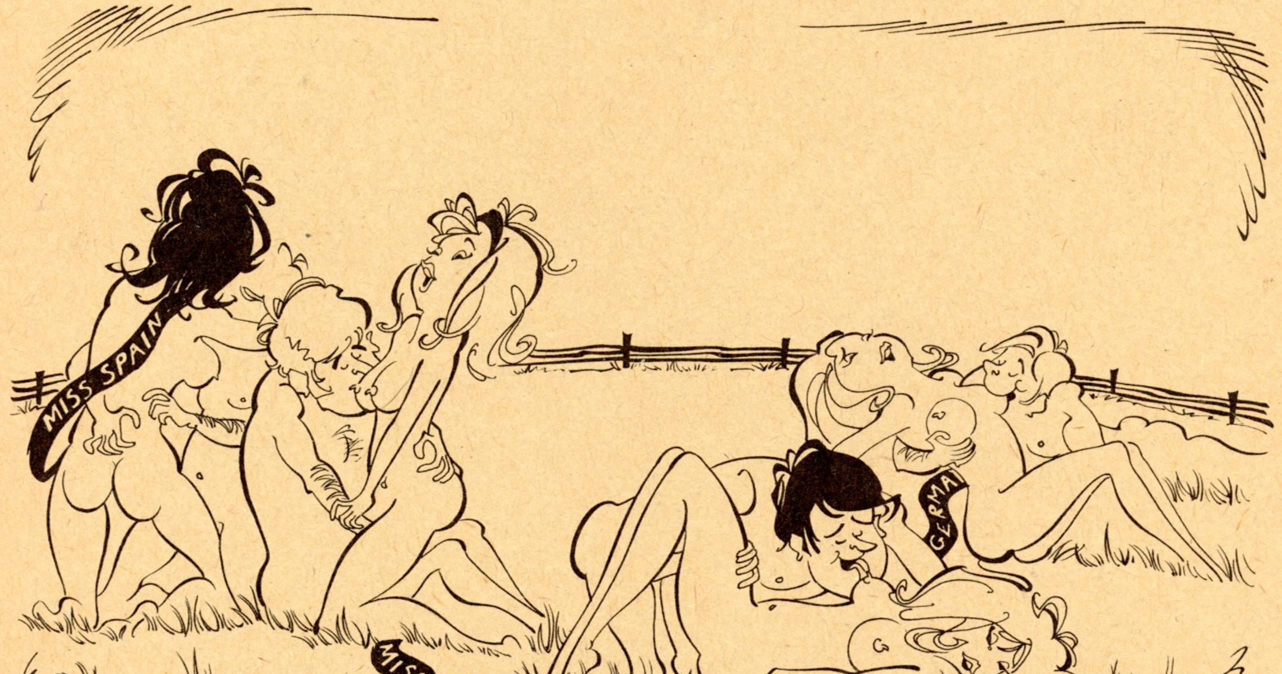


A lightning strike will wreck the prospects of a rising union leader.

In a sensational trial a young woman will face charges of disposing of six men.



Great surprise will be evinced at the announcement of a Royal marriage.


MISS SPAIN
MISS HOLLAND
MISS FRANCE
GERMA
PAUL WHITE

European unity will proceed in all fields.

BOOKS

Arthur Pottersman

What does the Effective Man do in times of stress? Let's take our cue from a very effective man indeed – English thriller writer Gavin Lyall, whom I know to be in the vanguard of those tough mysterauthors who are hot for authenticity all the way. Here are some effective tips for future behaviour from security expert James Card. He gets into quite a pickle in Lyall's new mystertome **Blame The Dead** (Hodder, £2·25) when a client is killed within days of hiring him as a bodyguard.

If enemy operatives are trying to needle the truth out of you with injections of Pentathol, choose your moment, then clench every muscle and jerk and twist as hard as you can. You'll feel a grating direct upon the elbow bone and an extra stab of wild pain. You'll also have the satisfaction of knowing you've broken the needle of the hypodermic, thus allowing yourself to lie another day.

When you notice that another car is trailing yours (and who knows what private enquiry agents want to know things for these days), there's a knack for losing the tail while making it look pure chance: 'No doubling back or suchlike. Just stick on a logical route and use the traffic opportunities.' A big Ford, a Post Office van, a couple of taxis . . . and though you won't be giving anybody a lesson in road manners, it's only a matter of time until your follower has to get chopped off by a red light.

When you have to ring a total stranger in a foreign country whose number you don't know, there are several things the Effective Man must do, but only the first of them is really important: 'You shift the Scotch and the soda across to the telephone table before you even start. It saves a lot of dashing to and from the cupboard in the next hour or so.'

When you're travelling on expenses, convince the guy who's picking up the tab that a good hotel may seem pricey but it's really an investment: 'They don't lose your mail or forget telephone messages, they fix your tickets in a hurry, they don't care what hours you keep.'

And then of course, the Effective Man may find himself standing beside the dead clients' widow in an otherwise empty house when she's speaking to a lawyer on the phone, and wonder what to do when she takes his hand and moves it slowly across her breasts, caressing herself with his hand so that he feels her nipples hardening under thin blouse and bra. This is how James Card handled the situation:

'It happened there, on the hall rug, a fast fantastic rape – except I don't know who raped who. In a few minutes we were lying side by side in a tangle of rugs and clothes – not even naked ourselves. "Do you think of me as a loose woman now?" she asked dreamily. "Well, not exactly a tight one".'

As the man said when his wife made *him* pregnant ('I knew we shouldn't make love with you on top') this is role reversal month: Usually it's men who tell it like it was in the old Wild West – tough hombres and the woman they manhandle. But now a woman has turned in quite a yarn – Marilyn Durham, a chubby maternal lady from Indiana, by all accounts.

And, brothers, it surely makes a change.

Tale, entitled **The Man Who Loved Cat Dancing** (Macmillan, £1·95), is about Catherine Crocker, city-bred wife of a pompous mining engineer who runs away from her husband's camp out there in the wilds. And, quite unwittingly, she runs smack into a train hold-up. The robbers, inevitably, take her with them – can't leave any witnesses behind, and they're kinda too tender-hearted not to mention prick-tingled to do anything so arbitrary as *shoot* the lady. Not with lead, anyhows.

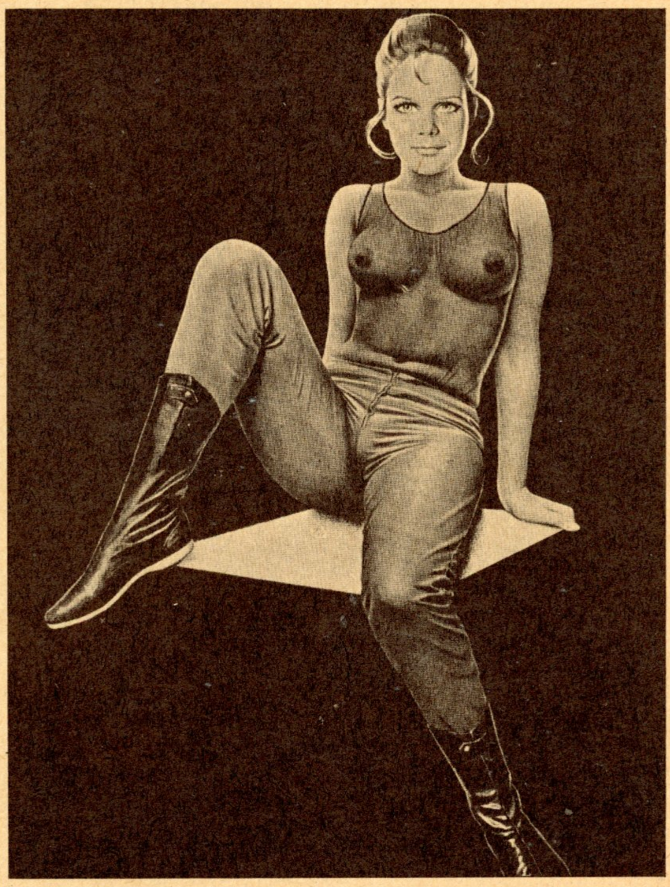
You need not fear one thing, anyway. Just because a woman is telling the story, she doesn't baulk at letting her heroine experience the ultimate, though a lady's description of intimate events may be different from a man's. It's the road to orgasm that I find unusually fascinating, when the narrative is in a woman writer's hands. Catherine starts off the proud even frigid beauty. But she learns, amid the rough handling that only four desperadoes can give her, that she has a body after all.

The first hint that Catherine has a body for use, and not just for covering-up, comes during a rest along the outlaw road, when her captors take temporary refuge with a friendly dirt-farmer. The farmer's wife gives our heroine a bucket of cold water to bathe at. Eagerly she washes her begrimed upper half, half stripping for the first time in days to do so. When the cold air on her wet flesh makes her small pink nipples start to rise, Catherine is shy enough before the other woman to cover herself. Would a man think to write that in?

Many days later she's relaxed enough, no doubt helped by the fact that three of the baddies are gone, two of them killed, and the remaining one is a good sort of baddy anyway, to put on a cowboy's clothes. Even dressed, she now feels naked – because for the first time in twenty years she's without a corset. She cooks a rabbit over an open fire under the sky and talks to her solitary moody captor. Then, while he clears up the camp fire, she takes off all her clothes but a shirt for *him* to take off, and brushes her hair until he gives her cause to stop:

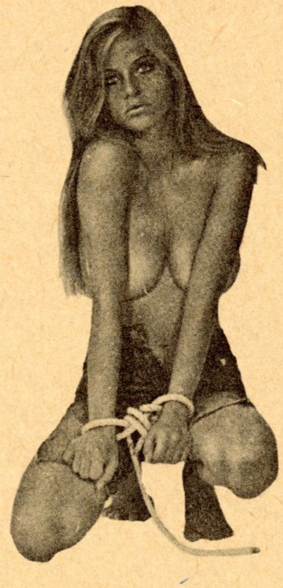
'When he put his hands lightly on her shoulders, she drew in a quick breath and let it go in a little sigh of release, and his fingers tightened, pulling her back. She leaned against him quietly while he found and held her breasts, and put his face into the coolness of her hair, and against the warmth of her throat . . . He turned her, or she turned into his arms. Her face blurred, but the eyes seemed strangely black and familiar. They closed with moth's lashes as he kissed her, awkwardly at first because it had been so long, then hungrily; stopping her from some last word. And in that sweetly silenced mouth he found his own hunger answered.

'When he could let her go, which wasn't easy, he found his fingers made a bad job of undoing her buttons and her silken knotted belt while she



An Aslan pin-up, typical of his style, taken from the pages of The Pin-up – A Modest History (Andre Deutsch £5·50). The book traces the development of the pin-up from the pioneering efforts of the nineteenth century to the provocative poses of the present day. The 270 pages are truly packed with girls for all tastes.

I'M WAITING FOR YOUR ORDERS



We'll deal you into five issues of Mayfair for just £1·50 – including a bumper 100 page anniversary issue that normally costs 42p. You'll get Mayfair Volume 5 Nos. 3 (see picture above), 4, 5 and 7 and Volume 6 No. 12 and that's a whole bundle of features, informers, cartoons and fiction. And girls, of course, including Jackie playing with her live snakes, Connie, Coral, Jan, Greta, Pippa, Alexandria Maria, Catherine, Lorraine, Karen and the girls of Gothenburg.

Back issues still available contain these Quest surveys:

Vol. 4 Nos.: 3 Petting One 38p; 5 Petting Three 38p; Vol. 5 Nos.: 3 Girls with large breasts 38p; 4 Girls' bottoms 38p; 5 Girls' secret nudity 38p; 6 What girls think of permissive pictures 38p; 7 Which men girls prefer 38p; 8 Bedroom manners 38p; 9 Girls who give themselves 38p; 10 What really turns girls on 38p; 11 Men who have it made 38p; Vol. 6 Nos.: 1 Girls at Parties 38p; 2 Girls in Offices 38p; 3 Girls in Shops 38p; 4 Girls in Hotels part one 38p; 5 Girls in Hotels part two 38p; 6 Girls on Holiday part one 38p; 7 Girls on Holiday part two 38p; 8 Girls on Holiday part three 38p; 9 Girls on Holiday – camping 38p; 11 Sex toys part two 38p; 12 Sex toys part three 50p; Vol. 7 Nos.: 1 Girls who take the lead 38p; 2 Girls who take the lead part two 38p; 3 Girls who take the lead part three 38p; 4 Enclosed girls 38p; 5 Sheltered girls 38p; 6 girls with older men 38p; 7 Girls with Instant Urge part one 38p; 8 Girls with Instant Urge part two 38p; 9 Absolute bastards part one 38p; 10 Absolute bastards part two 38p; 11 Daytime mistresses 38p; Girls who tease 60p.

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pressed against him with little murmurs, not quite words, whispered against his face between the kisses. Shaken, he swore at the damned knot she'd tied.'

And, of course, they conclude what they have begun lying on a double couch of cowpokes' bedrolls, the woman's long coltish legs wrapped round the man – but that shirt not wholly off, only pulled up to her chin!

Fate ain't finished with Catherine just like that, though. There's a good old cowboy rape to come yet. One of the desperadoes turns up again while Jay, her 'good baddy', is asleep. And on the principle that half of the haul is rightfully his, this interloper backs her up against a fine old Wild West kitchen table, one of the big solid kind, and cuffs her into submission. You might say that Catherine wins, though. There's not much pleasure for the man in taking a woman who's heavy and lifeless as a corpse. She doesn't let on what's happened even when her 'man' wakes up and the three of them have a meal together! But she wreaks vengeance in a sudden red mist of anger, almost involuntarily throwing half a jug of boiling hot coffee over her raper's face . . . And later, when the wounded man has ridden away, and her 'protector' learns what has happened, he calls her 'Tiger Heart' and carries her to a bed where they can move and touch together with the right kind of drowning rhythm.

FILMS

David Quinlan

The shadows of Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid loom large over this month's films. First, a new film from the *Cassidy* director, George Roy Hill, though in very different vein: **Slaughterhouse Five** (X) is an anti-war film hinged on the bombing of Dresden in 1945. In the guise of, as it turns out in the end, science-fiction.

I say in the end, because one of the film's drawbacks is that it never hooks one on to a single bandwagon or, if it does, not long enough for the attention to be held. Still, there's no denying that it's a film that hits where it hurts. Hill has, probably deliberately, entirely deserted the gentleness of his hit western. Fuck is probably the most common verb in the dialogue, and visual assaults include a man with his feet shot off, electric shock treatment, a very close-eyes operation and various abominations of war. Thus the final visit to the planet Tralfamadore, although very diverting, tends to detract from the film's power.

The hero, Pilgrim (a remarkable performance by Michael Sacks) – haunted throughout his earthly life by memories of Dresden – is donated a playmate by the planet's fourth-dimensional inhabitants. This turns out to be shapely Valerie Perrine, Pilgrim's favourite sex-film starlet, who arrives clad only in bikini pants, breasts quivering indignantly at being whisked away from sun-bathing in Palm Springs.

Pilgrim soon has her provided with a nightdress which, he observes, is a trifle tight at the top. 'I'm so big here,' she replies coyly, fiddling with the laces. 'I'm going to have to let it out.' 'Are you going to mate?' asks a disembodied voice. A silence answers his question in the affirmative.

All through these glimpses of his future, and present, Pilgrim's past is revealed in flashbacks to the war – scenes that reveal the film, for all its tricksy artificiality, as an essentially brutal one.

If these comments seem harsh, one must square the issue by saying that this is an important and decidedly different film. It just seems to me that it misses its mark. Certainly, one expects by now to be exhilarated or drained by Hill's work. Too often, one's reaction to the film drifts towards apathy.

Butch and the Kid also make their influence felt – there's even a *Raindrops*-type song by Andy Williams – on **The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean** (AA), a western by John Huston with Paul Newman as the Judge.

A star-studded cast includes Ava Gardner, Jacqueline Bisset, Stacy Keach, Tab Hunter, Anthony Perkins and Roddy McDowall. But the picture is stolen from all of them by a huge bear.

Bean, as everyone who has seen *The Westerner* knows, was the self-appointed 'only law west of the Pecos.' The bear is willed upon him one night by a grizzled old veteran (played by Huston himself) looking for a place to die. The first thing the bear does is rear up on its hind legs and lick a protesting Newman on the nose. From then on, it can't put a paw wrong. Whether boozing or brawling, this is a bear in a million.

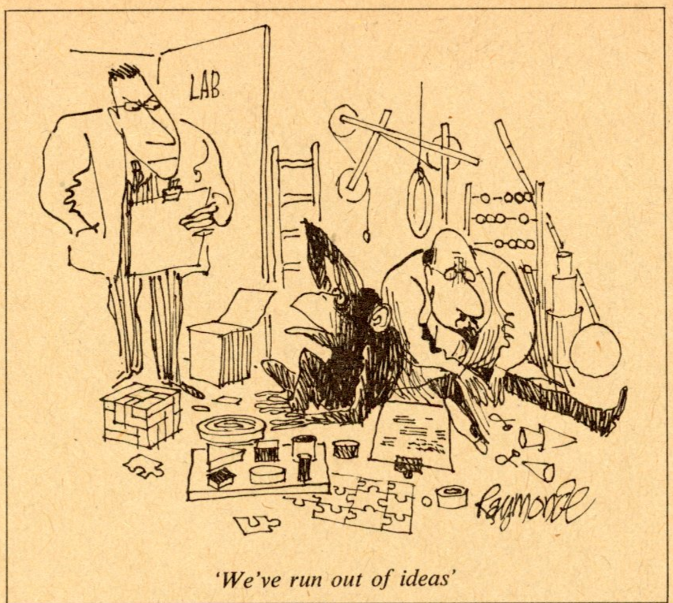
The film doesn't quite make the same grade, although it remains enjoyable up to the firecracker, free-for-all finale, with Miss Bisset, as Bean's daughter, joining Newman in a final fight against land-grabbers. Overall, the narrative is a shade too deliberate to work with the same swing.

While we're on the subject of westerns, really ardent fans should give consideration to the highly readable **Pictorial History of Westerns**, by Michael Parkinson and Clyde Jeavons, Hamlyn £1·95. Considering the quality of the paper, a notably good selection of nearly 400 pictures (plus a few good colour plates) reproduce remarkably well. The text is interesting, informative and comprehensive without going into too much detail.

DISCS

Peter Hopkin

Jimi Hendrix was a great creative force in the world of rock music. There was a spontaneity in his performances – sometimes they didn't quite come off and at other times his brilliance and inventiveness were quite amazing. He produced sounds so strong and deeply variegated that he continually soared to heights unattainable to guitarists with mere technical proficiency. **War Heroes** (Polydor de luxe 2302 020) is an album of previously unissued material, and the recording quality is good (there are some poor recordings of Hendrix released by various companies). War Heroes has remarkable guitar work on some of the heavier tracks, 'Peter Gunn' and 'Catastrophe' show Jimi fooling around in the studio.



'We've run out of ideas'

Cat Stevens is a talented and experienced singer/songwriter with a pleasant atmosphere and an assured professionalism about his work. **Catch Bull at Four** (Island ILPS 9206) is a set of melodic songs that are rather more forceful than on his previous albums. The lyrics are introspective and poetic so that some of the songs have a hypnotic simplicity. 'The Boy with the Moon and Stars on his head' is the outstanding track. On this album Cat has used more piano instead of relying so heavily on guitar accompaniment.

The Pentangle have a wonderfully refreshing sound, pure and crisp. Each member of the group has impeccable taste and a high degree of musical competence. **Solomon's Seal** (Reprise K44197) will increase their reputation among admirers of folk music. Bert Jansch's earthy voice and driving bluesy guitar are a good contrast to Jacqui McShee's crystal clear vocals. Danny Thompson's double bass has a nice rich natural sound and Terry Cox plays his drums with control and subtlety. John Renbourn's guitar work is very tasteful and never overstated. 'Sally Free and Easy' is my favourite track, the rest of the material is either traditional or written by the band themselves.

Osibisa are a band of four West Africans and three West Indians who combine the percussive sounds of Africa with the western influences of the organ, guitar and bass backed up with saxophone and trumpet. **Heads** (MCA MDKS 8007) is their third album. The music is still firmly based on their African roots but they are incorporating a wider range of material. The band play a magnificent array of various drums and create intricate criss-crossing rhythms. Some of the tracks show the influence of American soul music, and there is an improved version of their single 'Wango-Wango'. The album has a vigour and energy that is immediately striking, and it's good to see Osibisa steadily progressing.

Four years ago the accent was on heavy music, and Black Sabbath are one of the bands to emerge from this era of hard rock. **Black Sabbath Vol 4** (Vertigo 6360 071) is better than their previous three albums, but it's still loud and unimaginative. Their music has tension and aggression, and they have worked hard giving live performances. The sound is exciting at first then soon becomes monotonous, but it is good to dance to. One track 'Changes' is rather different. This is a melancholy song with piano and strings as backing, the rest will appeal more to those who prefer volume to sensitivity.

The first solo album from Dave Cousins, **Two weeks last summer** (A & M AMLS 68118), was recorded at The Manor during June and July. The record shows that his musical direction is leading away from his folk origins; as did the last Strawbs LP. Dave recruited some of the best rock musicians to help him – Jon Hiseman, Roger Glover, Miller Anderson and Rick Wakeman, and the result is a nicely controlled professional sound. The title track has an atmosphere that is light, airy and wistful, 'We'll meet again sometime' sounds a bit like Dylan, and 'The Actor' is a good rockin' number with some forceful drumming from Jon Hiseman and some nice wah-wah guitar. All the songs are written and sung by Dave who also features strongly on guitar.

Steeleye Span play English folk music, but with electric fiddle, dulcimer, bass, guitars and mandolin. Their sound although drawn from Britain's musical heritage has a leaning towards today's rock music. **Below the Salt** (Chrysalis CHR 1008) is a well produced album, but the balance between the classical feel and that of gutsy rock is a little uneasy. Peter Knight's violin playing is excellent particularly on 'Sheep-crook and Black Dog.' His skill on fiddle, mandolin and tenor banjo can be heard on two boisterous jigs 'The brides favourite' and 'Tansey's fancy'. It's Rick Kemps fuzz bass that gives their music such a 'modern' sound. Maddy Prior has a pleasant voice and the close harmonies are successful. The final track, 'Saucy Sailor' gives a quiet reflective end to the record. Steeleye are a band of accomplished musicians, but the fusion of traditional English folk music and rock techniques makes an unhappy marriage.

RCA have released two specially priced two record sets, both mono recordings, which contain some of the best jazz on record. The first **Thelonious Monk** (Prestige 24006), recorded between 1952 and 1954, shows Monk's unique imagination, humour and taste as a pianist/composer. It is amusing to hear Monk take the most sugary of pop tunes, and with his unusual timing and chord structures build his own music; knowing the tune makes you more aware of his originality. The best tracks are on side four; on 'Nutty' Art Blakey takes a drum solo which ends in a roll, Monk comes in on piano at the same speed and pitch, making a nice smooth change from one instrument to another. The other album in this series is **Charles Mingus** (Prestige 24010). Mingus is a bass player/composer extraordinary, who demands increasingly high standards of performance and understanding from his musicians. His playing is always subtle and his compositions have a certain quality which can only be described as 'soul'.

NIGHTLIFE

Kenneth Dowd

So what does Nightlife have in store for us in 1973? What's new for the New Year?

Well, it looks like being a good year. Firstly, Bill Bentley – of Beauchamp Place Oyster Bar fame – has opened his new restaurant in the City of London, at 202 Bishopsgate, next to Dirty Dick's popular pub. This is good news for people who need to lunch in the City, where it is always difficult to find a table between midday and 2 pm.

Then there is the new **Blue Angel** nightclub – new in this instance because John Aziz, owner of the Celebrity restaurant, has taken the Blue Angel under his wing. There is now a star cabaret and excellent food. Well, we shall see.

The new **Geisha** club, at 70 New Bond Street, Mayfair, has been mentioned to us more than once lately. Jimmy Joseph has put in a floorshow at 11.30 pm and 1.30 am appropriately called 'Les Girls' – a facility with which the club is plentifully equipped, anyway. If it is as good as we hear, we will tell you some more about it.

It is not all going to be new clubs in 1973, either. There is a new wine bar called **Corks** opened in Harrington Road, by South Kensington underground station. The salads are reputed to be remarkably good and remarkably cheap. The wine is remarkably drinkable and remarkably reasonably priced as well.

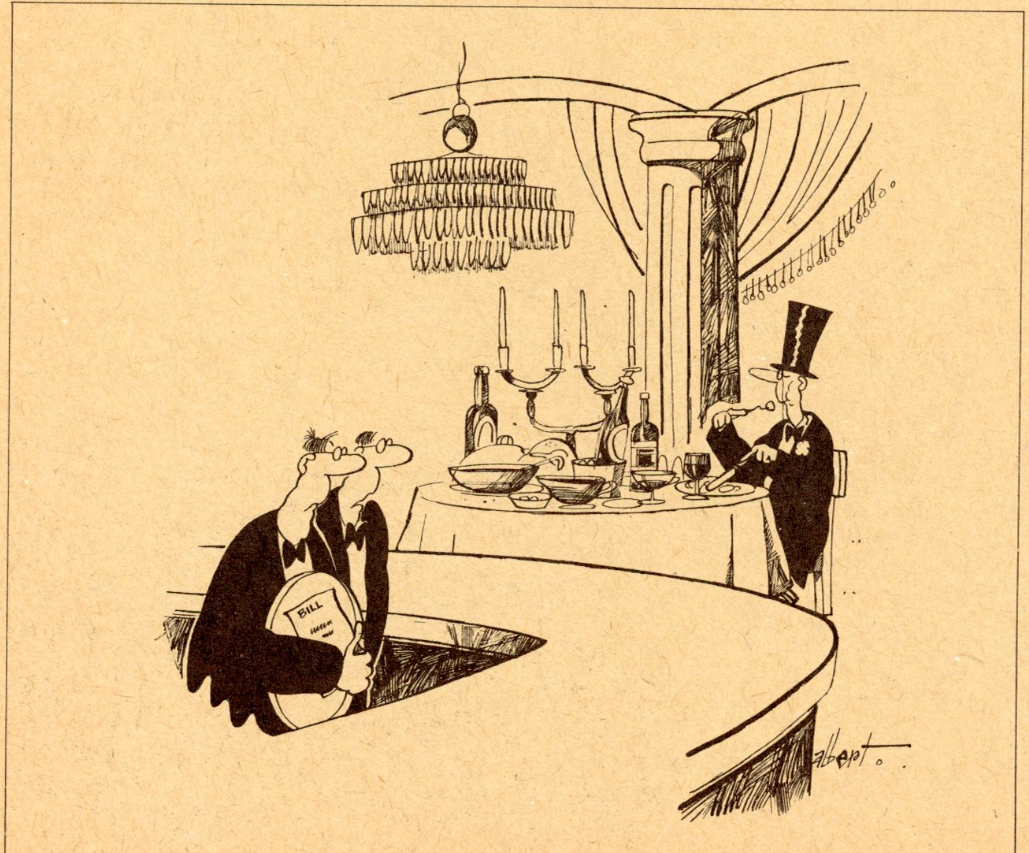
A new bar has been installed at **Chez Cleo**. that attractive little French restaurant in the romantic basement of 11 Harrington Gardens, just round the corner from Corks wine bar. It is an unusual bar, in that it is right next to a dance-floor, and I gather that well-informed Kensington residents slip down for a quiet drink and a dance, an unusual facility to find in this part of Kensington.

Since we last wrote about Mike LeRoy, he has become a well-known recording star, but this does not stop him from being present at his restaurant virtually every night and serenading the customers with songs and guitar. Definitely a spot for the romantics in 1973!

There is a new **Pizza Express** in Wardour Street, where the original one used to stand – highly modernised now by one of London's leading architects and restaurant interior designers, Donald Armstrong-Smith, who is becoming known for his capable work in this field.

Then there is a new **Quaglino's**, extensively renovated and refurbished after sixty years on the same premises in St James's. The nighttime restaurant is still used at lunchtime as well by the clever use of a two-way mirror set into the ceiling, which can be lit or dimmed according to the time of day. This is certainly the most novel use we've heard of for a two-way mirror, especially one mounted in the ceiling!

New is the word that can also be applied to the menu each day in the **Montfort** restaurant in the Charing Cross Hotel, which is one of the few restaurants carrying on the old tradition of actually printing a completely different menu for every day, subtly dated on a bottom corner to show you that they respectfully care for you. And British Rail, who own the hotel, can provide a few surprises in this magnificent room, serving elaborate dishes with great elan and little boys who run round in white coats very actively throughout the meal. It is dining in the Grand Tradition and it is becoming rarer and rarer.



'. . . *perhaps he's an eccentric tramp*'

The residents of Hampstead have not missed out on the action in 1973, with the opening of new **Maxwell's** restaurant in Heath Street, NW3. Here they provide what is lightheartedly termed a short-order menu, although theirs is possibly one of the most comprehensive, ranging as it does from porterhouse steaks to kebabs and spare ribs.

Residents of Earl's Court have not been neglected either with the great success of **Naraine** Indian restaurant in Kenway Road, SW5. It is easy to get the impression here that one is dining with an Indian family, so helpful are the management, and at least half of the clientele will be appreciative Indians who have travelled some distance for their national fare. The standard of food and presentation is undoubtedly good, and the prices of course are Earl's Court standards, which is more than reasonable.

Theatrically, London has the benefit of the new **Winter Garden** theatre complex, which we hope will provide another venue for star artists of world calibre, and it will be interesting to see how the **Winter Garden** fares in early 1973.

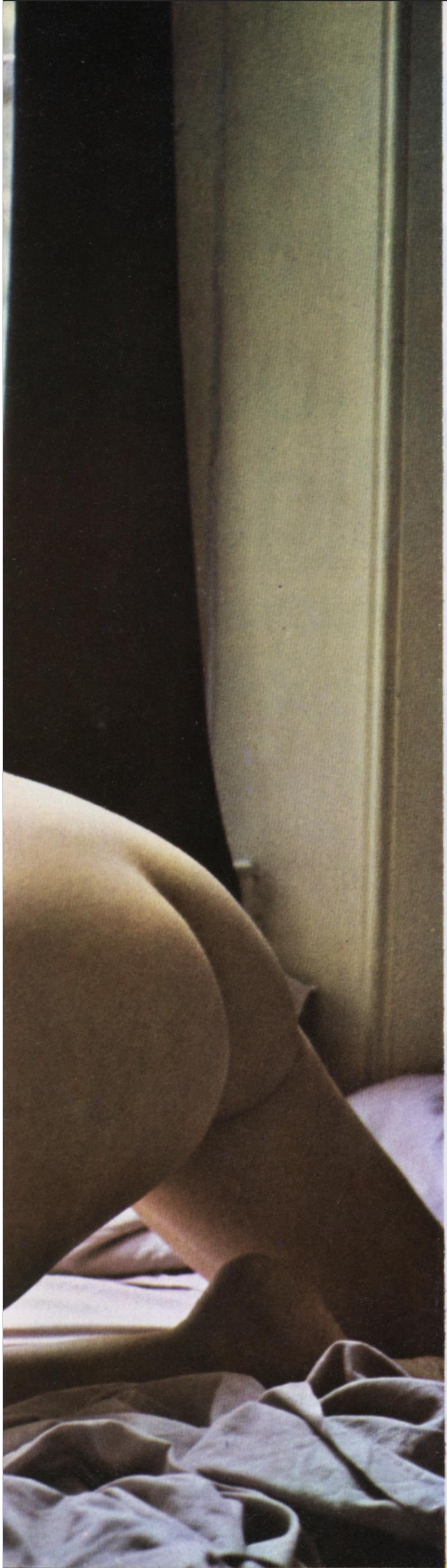
Lafayette, in King Street, St. James's, is a most welcome addition to the small number of top restaurants in London. It is part of the Genevieve chain and has half an eyebrow cocked towards the Kissinger-level American who has dined as a guest at White's and needs a quiet and authoritative restaurant where he can repay the hospitality. From the moment you sip your aperitif in a Regency armchair as opposed to a stuffed plastic banquette, you know you are in a place of distinction. Right through to the moment your bill carries the disarming note: 'It would be most foul to ask an Englishman to calculate such outlandish a figure as 12½% on his bill. Our French cashier says it would be . . .'

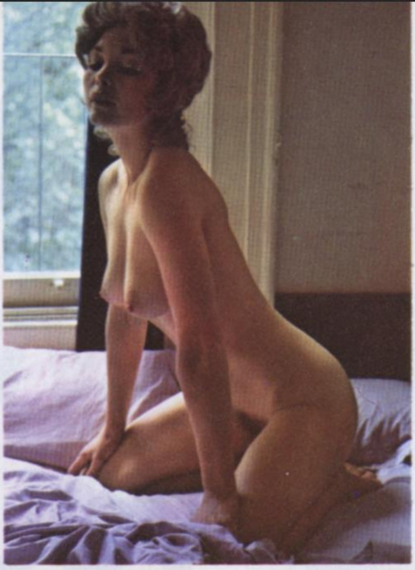
Try their memorable Friday special *Creole Crab Gumbo*, or on Mondays, *Philadelphia Pepper Pot*, which is veal and tripe stewed with freshly ground black pepper.

CELESTE

Celeste Le Grande is one of those aristocratic looking girls who you're sure could preserve their dignity through a nuclear explosion, not to mention a sexual onslaught. In other words, Celeste is the sort of girl who could calmly and confidently talk herself out of anything but who wouldn't disappoint you if she liked you. She is 5 feet 8 inches in height and carries her 35-22-36 smooth figure like a thoroughbred racehorse passing the Royal box at Ascot. She was born in Oxford 23 years ago and although she shares a flat, she hasn't left her home town: 'I've always got on well with my parents and when I told them I wanted to live in a flat they were quite understanding,' says Celeste, 'I like home, and Oxford, and I like to lead my own life so a flat in Oxford was the obvious solution.' Celeste works as a computer programmer and perhaps it's that which gives her a cool and efficient approach to life. Or perhaps it's her cool efficient approach that made her choose to become a computer programmer. She doesn't really know: 'People tell me that I act as though I've thought everything out very carefully,' she says, 'but I'm not conscious of it. I think it's just that the things I do always seem to turn out for the better.

Maybe I've got a fairy godmother or a guiding star, or something like that.' Whatever it is, Celeste has definitely got her head screwed on the right way. She has designs on getting into the property market: 'It seems so silly paying rent all the time so I'm going to try and get a mortgage and then if I can get a flat of my own I can sell it later and make a profit. My father started like that and now he makes more money than he knows what to do with. He even bought me a sports car for my twenty-first birthday.' When Celeste is not dreaming about becoming a big businesswoman, or ploughing through computer outputs, she's socialising: 'I'm in big demand at my parents' cocktail parties, but they're always having the damned things. I much prefer being





taken out for a good meal by someone I like,' she says with a smile that seems to ask when you're going to invite her out to dinner. You could say that the only undignified thing about her is that she can eat like a horse. But there's one other thing. She might take you home with her. And then when the wine and brandy have warmed her, the exterior goes and the immaculate woman becomes a wild wanting, demanding animal.

Ambush for an office flirt

Getting Priscilla in the lift was one thing. Going up, Morgan found, was quite another. By David Jones

I had never tried to rape a girl in a lift between the ground floor and the fourth, so you can imagine what I faced.

I was waiting in the foyer for her to arrive at work, but she was late as usual.

And as usual she told old Mulberry the Tube was held up, and got away with it. Nobody else's Tube is ever late, and those who scramble off the bus into the office as the electric clock ticks past nine don't get away with it like she does.

If she was tall and blonde and cool I would describe her as a tall, cool blonde. She isn't, but she acts like one. You know the sort I mean. Every office has one – a petite brunette who is real sexy and pretends to be so distant she nearly leaves herself ten yards behind.

That's Priscilla. But I know, and so do all the blokes, that it just needs the right approach to make her boil over like a car radiator in a traffic jam. So there I was in the foyer, inspecting the rubber plants and trying not to notice the receptionist who kept looking at me.

You are probably wondering why I chose such a direct attack. It was Bruce's idea. I should explain that Bruce is not particularly tall, dark or handsome, but he has that cheeky way about him which makes girls feel like putting themselves in danger and to hell with the consequences. Bruce believes sex was invented by a eunuch angel for everyone to enjoy at every opportunity. His success rate is phenomenal. Quite phenomenal. I work on the other half of his desk – he is more senior than I am, otherwise he would work on the other half of my desk – and he knows about these things.

He didn't actually tell me to tear her clothes off because there was no need to spell it out. Between us men a nod, a wink or a nudge in the ribs is enough. What he said was: 'Stop mucking about and get on with it. Just go up to her and get on with it.' We were having a pie and a pint at the time in the pub across the road and watching her through the window swinging back up the steps after her lunch break of eggburger and window shopping. 'Go on,' said Bruce.

Well, you can't do that sort of thing in the office after lunch, not with the phones ringing and everything. So I hit on the lift. Bruce thought it was a great idea. And Bruce knows about these things.

He once stretched out with a girl across the bonnet of his MG in a lay-by on a winter's night near the motorway interchange. He said it was geometrically impossible in those bucket seats. Anyway,

ILLUSTRATION BY WURLITZER

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they found to their delight that the heat from the engine kept them warm.

I haven't got an MG, or wheels of any kind. I tried the traditional approach: a cup of tea in a clattering canteen with 200 seats and twits asking for the sugar; quick chats about pop groups as I 'bumped' into her in the corridor; and pointed conversations with her stupid girlfriend, who sniggered behind false eyelashes.

As a last resort I bought a pair of John Lennon glasses, to make Priscilla notice me. She didn't and I kept walking into people.

She remained distant and provocative. She sits twenty-three feet away in the corner by the door. She always wears a tight sweater and sometimes no bra. A mini skirt rides at her waist.

Her right heel is cocked on the bottom drawer of her desk when she does her nails or reads a glossy.

Once or twice I caught her glancing in my direction. She was eyeing either me or Bruce, and it couldn't have been Bruce since he doesn't pay any attention to her. He lives with this arty girl and takes out a barmaid and a gym mistress on the side. Which means it must have been me.

I've glanced at her more than once, too, I can tell you. I'll be honest – I've drooled. My columns of figures have lain waiting to be totalled while my brain raced and my imagination drew graphic pictures. The mental agony I have been through would have exhausted me for the rest of my life if what I was thinking had been physically taking place. Bruce cured me of the habit of chewing my ballpoint and my tongue is now pink again.

I bet she sits in the Tube with her legs crossed defiantly and those huge almond eyes doing their butterfly bit.

Someone suddenly rustled through the rubber plants in the foyer and for a moment I thought she had arrived. It was a false alarm. It was the mousey telephonist. She's always late, too, which is why no one can make a phone call until quarter past nine. They can't find anyone else to do the job, so she survives.

'Good morning, Morgan.'

'Hullo.'

Her voice squeaks slightly more than her shoes.

'That's a nice tie.'

Grunt.

'I'm going to see *A Clockwork Orange* tonight.'

'Oh yes.'

'Yes.'

Grunt.

'They say it's a good film.'

Grunt.

'I'm going tonight on my own because Sylvia's got a cold and she's in bed and the doctor says she'll be off for a week.'

Grunt.

'Oh well, must be off or I'll be late. 'Bye, Morgan.'

'Yeah.'

She trotted to the lift carrying her Union Jack shopping bag and her Mary Poppins umbrella.

Priscilla was even later than usual. Still, it gave me time to get my plan perfectly straight in my head. I would hurry up behind her to the lift, nod curtly as we got in, stand with my back shielding the emergency button, wait for the doors to close, then grab her.

I went to Bruce's flat and tried it out on a nude tailor's dummy he puts in his car occasionally when he goes up West. We dressed her in clothes from his girl's wardrobe – it was her pottery class night – to make it more realistic. We had a lot of trouble with the tights.

Bruce timed me, after collapsing hysterically over a crack he made about a dummy run. Within half an hour I was an expert. Bruce was impressed. He calculated I could corner her and force her to submit by the time we reached the second. But he was dubious when I said I thought I could pin her to the floor between the second and the fourth.

'Be content with an initial breakthrough,' he said. 'You can follow it up later.'

And that's what I decided to do – show her who was boss then cash in at my leisure. Bruce reckoned it would work.

It was nearly half past nine when Priscilla finally made her entrance. She doesn't walk in somewhere – she implodes. She could not see me in the rubber plants, where I felt like a sniper in the jungle. I hurried up behind her, nodded curtly and politely waited for her to go into the lift first. The receptionist tapped her teeth with a pencil and smiled to herself. 'Better watch it, darling,' I thought, 'or you'll be next.'

I could hardly contain myself. All the planning would soon be put to the test. The moment of truth was near. The lift doors closed and we were shut off and alone.

* * *

'Liz.'

'Yes, Priscilla?'

'You know that Morgan?'

'What him over there with the spotty face?'

'He just tried to make a pass at me in the lift.'

'No!'

'As true as I'm here.'

'Ooooohh! What happened? Tell me'.

'Well, he was waiting behind the rubber plants downstairs when I came in. When we got in the lift – cigarette? – he started ogling my skirt. Do you like it? I got it in C and A's.'

'It's nice. Go on.'

'Well, I could see what was going through his tiny mind, so I thought I'd put him out of his stride. I pulled down his zip.'

'You did what?'

'I lowered my eyelids, took a couple of steps forward and whipped it down.'

'You didn't!'

'I did, really.'

'What happened?'

'Well, he turned bright red and blurted out: "I want to knick your rippers off," just like that.'

'Pardon?'

'That's what I said. I said: "Pardon?" He said: "I want to pip your rickers off." '

'What happened then, Prissy?'

'Well, I said: "If you mean what I think you mean, go ahead." And I stood there daring him.'

'Oooohh, Prissy! Did he?'

' 'Course not. The lift opened, I told him to make himself look decent and walked out. By the way, he doesn't wear any underpants.'

'Doesn't he?'

'If he does it's the funniest pattern I've ever seen.'

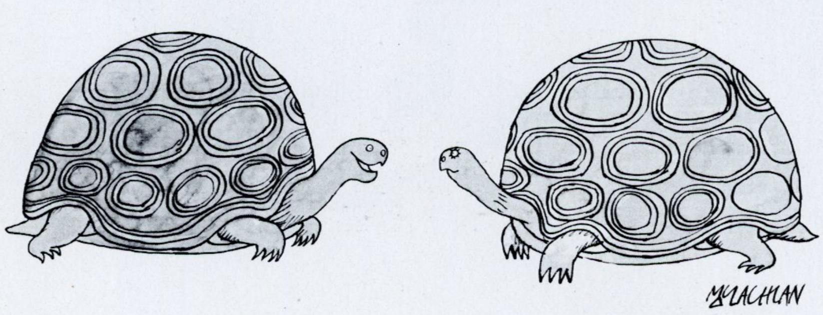
* * *

I told Bruce. 'It's true. She bloody well attacked me. Stop laughing for Chrissake, old Mulberry's looking. She all but raped *me*. I knew she was keen, but I don't mind telling you I was a bit surprised. Stop laughing, Bruce. I was just about to lunge when she dived for my zip – feverishly excited she was – and yanked it down. I fell back against the emergency button and before I could recover old Mulberry got in. 'Morgan! Adjust your dress,' he said. It's not bloody funny, Bruce. What do you reckon?'

Bruce told me what he reckoned. He reckoned I threw away a great chance. Then Bruce had an idea. He said he would see what he could do for me. He's taking her to his place tonight – just to explain, he said. He knows about these things.

But he warned me it might take him several weeks to sort it all out. In the meantime, he said, I should keep my hand in with someone else, so as not to get rusty.

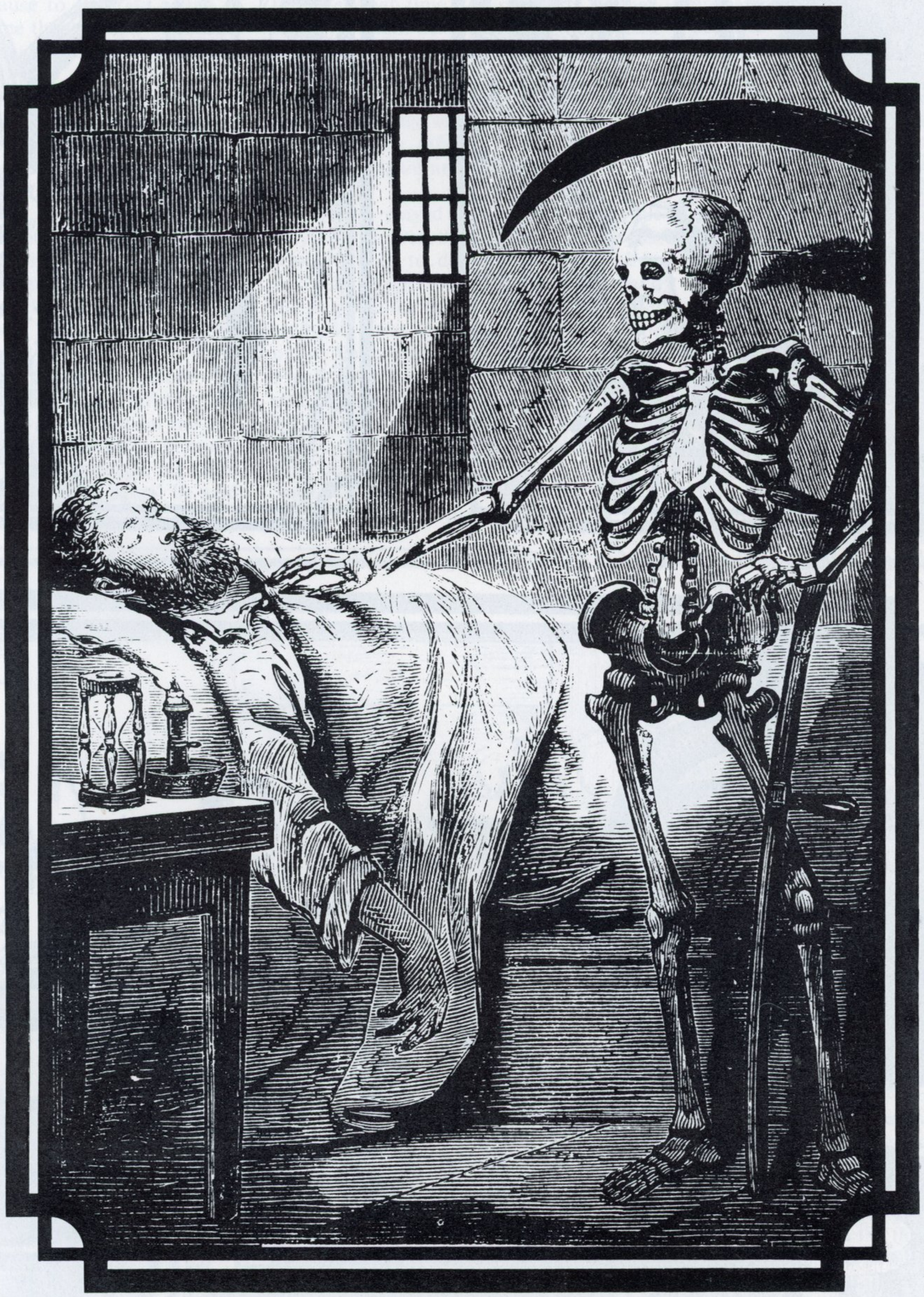
I'm going to see *A Clockwork Orange* tonight. I asked that telephonist while she was putting me through to the Ealing branch. Naturally, she said yes. Anyway, she'll help to kill time – and Bruce said he heard she was quite a little raver . . .



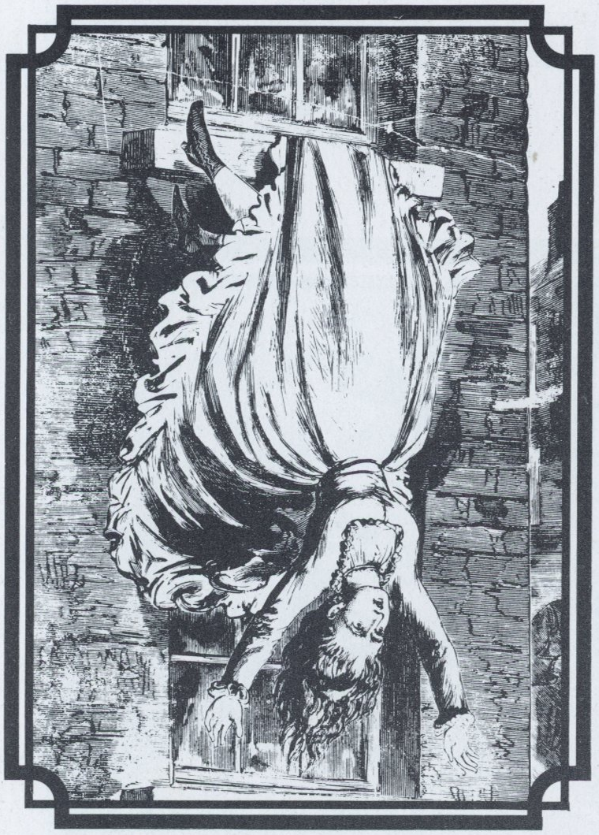
'Sixty-nine?'

So you think you have nightmares...

We all have our pet fears that haunt our dreams, but when it comes to nightmares those of the Victorians take some beating



The Victorians believed that sleep was a time of danger, as here, where a man condemned to die is visited by death



The Victorians had their last minute hang-ups about falling

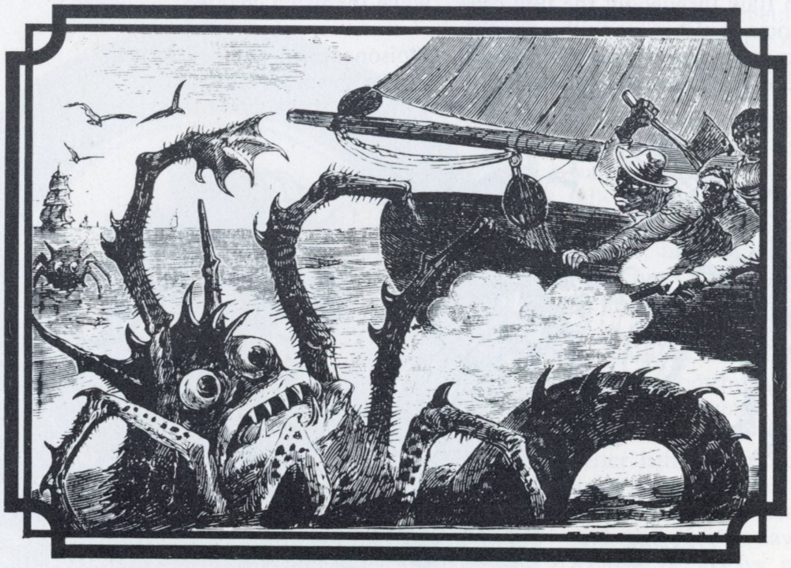
Jilted lover perhaps, or simply a man who fell over a cliff

If snakes are your greatest fear, try waking up in the middle of the night to find 30 feet of giant Anaconda in your bedroom

Many people have nightmares, whether in sleep or in reality, that they embellish and retell to eager ears on dark windy nights. But as far as the description of horrible happenings goes, the frustrated imagination of the Victorians was able to turn what today would be regarded as a trivial incident into an event more frightening than the most terrible nightmares. Very likely this was because the way of life they had established dictated a suppressed morality that required girls to faint at the sight of blood and forced people to harbour fears that were totally unfounded. Whereas today a young girl may occasionally worry a little over the possibility of being attacked in a wood on a dark night, the prim and properly brought up Victorian miss nursed fears of being carried off by a gorilla, attacked by a giant snake, or falling out of a window. It is not surprising, therefore, that these fears were seized upon by reporters of the time, exaggerated, and given an outlet in a form that today would be branded as the produce of a perverted mind. Gorillas featured prominently in the fears of the Victorians, and this probably stemmed from the sexual fantasy of being carried off and raped by a great hairy beast. In 1878 a report describing the seizure of a girl by a gorilla was accompanied by an illustration that must have been drawn by an artist more familiar with pantomime than the family of primates. The story itself, whether intentionally or otherwise, was even more hilarious. 'Clara uttered a loud scream and her mother was horrified at seeing her clasped in the arms of a monstrous gorilla who was about to bear her off. Luckily her husband was attracted by her cries. One barrel of his gun was loaded, he took steady aim, and the whole charge of the shot entered the back and posterior of the gorilla, who dropped the child and scampered off, howling with pain.' In another incident, in 1876, a gorilla was reported to have attacked a woman with a razor. Skeletons were also guaranteed to make even the more broader minded Victorians reach for their smelling salts. This no doubt arose from their great fear of death, for skeletons were often depicted as being an omen of doom. A report of an execution that took place in 1875 carried the words 'In the grey hours of the early dawn death hovered around the couch of Henry Wainwright'. It was backed up by a sketch showing a scythe-bearing skeleton lightly touching the chest of the 'unhappy wretch.' For the same reason, suicides were seized upon and graphically depicted, and much attention was drawn upon the awful state of mind of the unfortunate takers of their own lives. 'Sea devils' and snakes also offered much food for embellishment. But perhaps one of the strangest incidents of all was a reported 'Death from swallowing a mouse.' The mouse 'gnawed and tore inside the man's throat and chest.' He died in agony.

Mice were feared to the extent that to die in this way was quite believable

This would be a fearsome scene, but for the gorilla's obviously lecherous grin

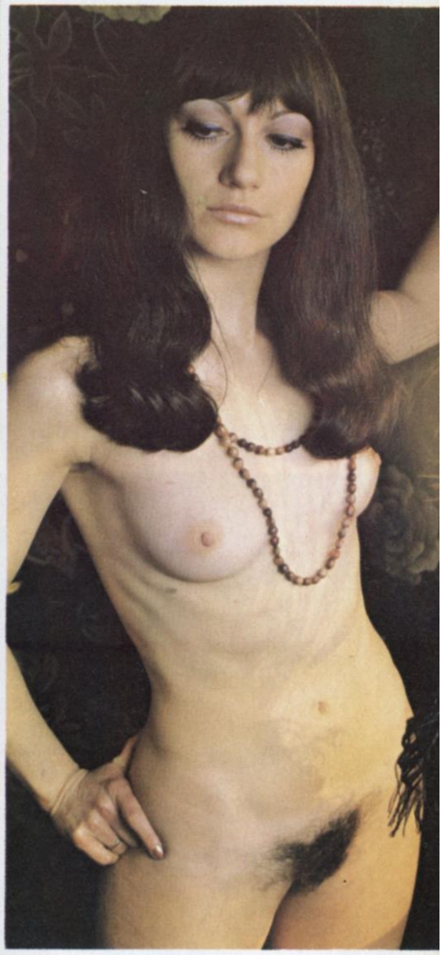


This encounter with a 'sea devil' no doubt took place, with a crab perhaps

LYNNE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JIM BUNKER

From the land of cream teas, traffic jams, draught cider and garages that don't charge for repairing punctures. That's where our January girl of the month comes from, because if any girl can lay claim to being a true West Country Lass, Lynne Roberts can: 'Although my family hail from Plymouth,' says 22-year old Lynne, 'I've been living in Exeter now since shortly after I left school and as yet I've had no great wish to move on anywhere

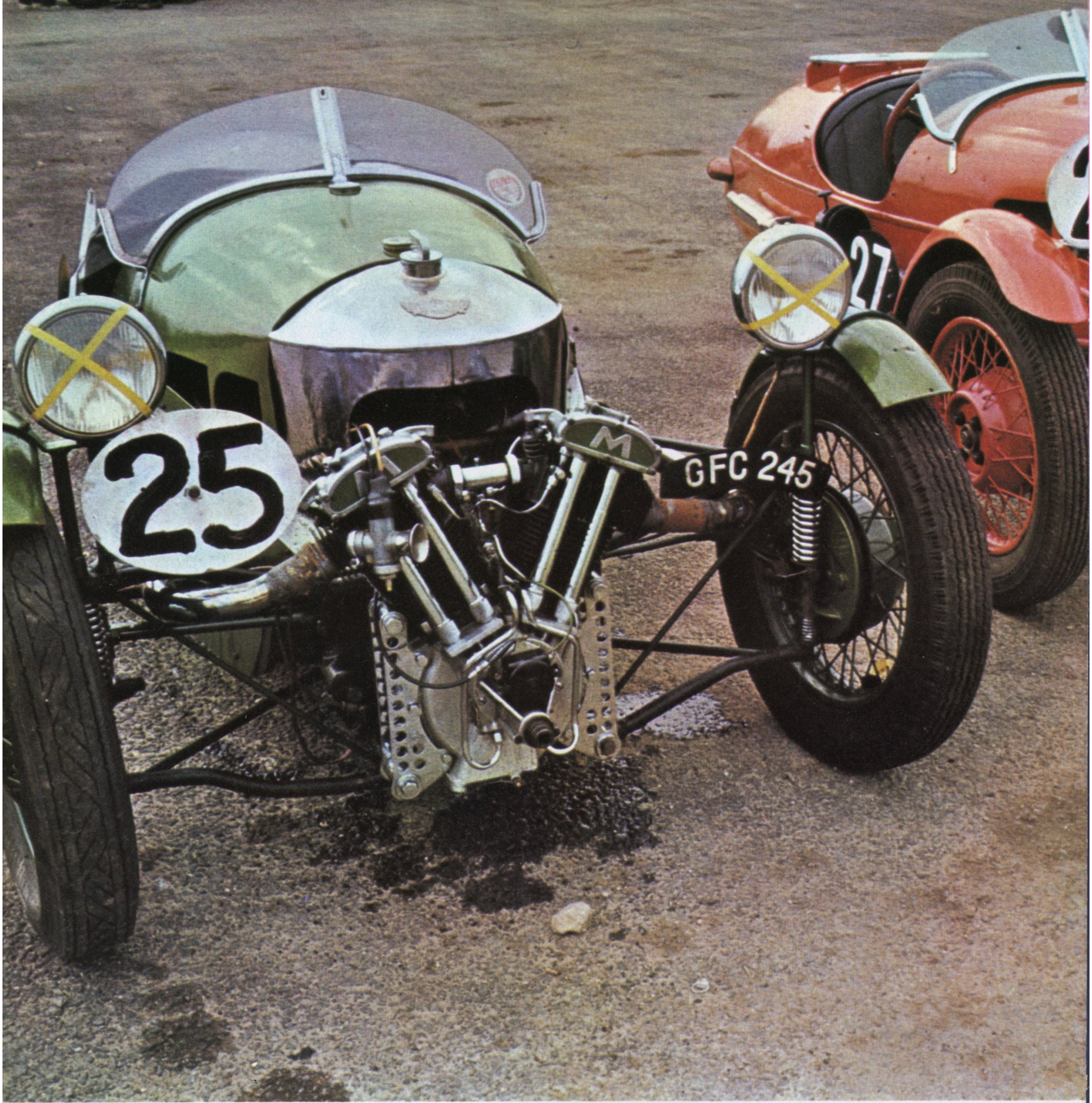


else.' Lynne has what some might think to be a rather frustrating occupation. She's surrounded by money but unfortunately it's not hers to go out on the spree with. She works in a bank in Exeter and taking her clothes off for Mayfair readers is a new diversion for her: 'It does something for my ego and helps me to compensate for the restrictions that go with a banking job,' says Lynne, 'although I like my job and enjoy doing it, doing other things as well makes all the difference in a routine existence.' When Lynne is not working she spends some of her evenings enjoying herself in Tiffany's night club on Exeter's historic quay. In the summer, when it's not raining you'll find Lynne warming her 5 feet 4 inches of 36–24–36

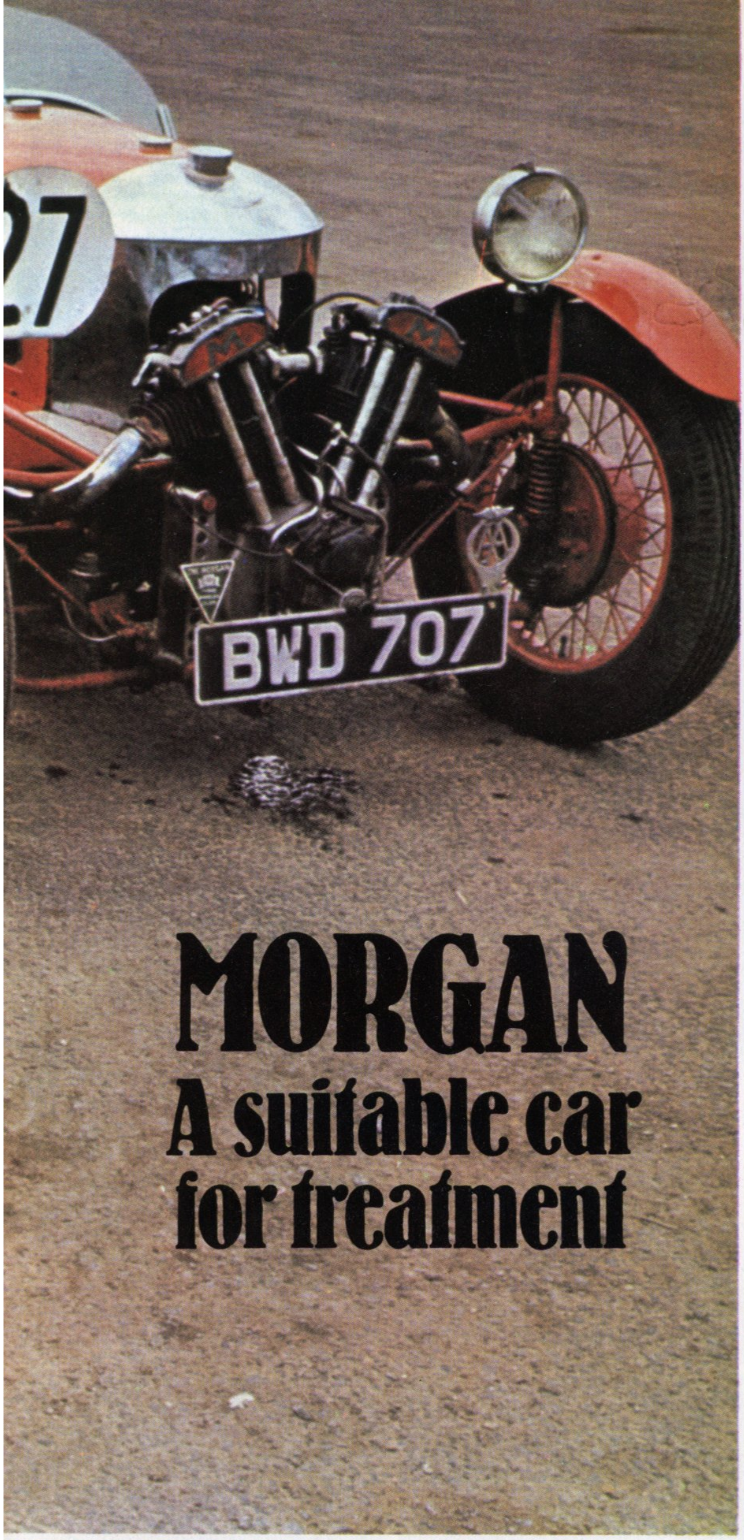
sensuous shape on a local beach at the weekends. Lynne is greatly attached to the green hills and sandy beaches of Devon: 'Things move so quickly even in a provincial town like Exeter,' she'll tell you. 'How a girl living in a place like London manages to have a social life with all that commuting taking up her time I just can't imagine.' On meeting Lynne you find she has an air of detachment about her, but it is only an exterior. Soon those full hot lips widen into a broad smile and then you meet her eyes with yours, and you are held for a few moments by perhaps the most alluring eyes you have ever seen. Big, deep and dark, with a faint hint of sadness that indicates an understanding of life and people. They send you soft inside and compel you to invite her out to dinner one evening, to talk, to look at her. To smile and laugh with her. 'What a lovely meal,' she says, and means it. You can tell she means it by the way she looks at you.

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH/LYNNE ROBERTS

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH/LYNNE ROBERTS

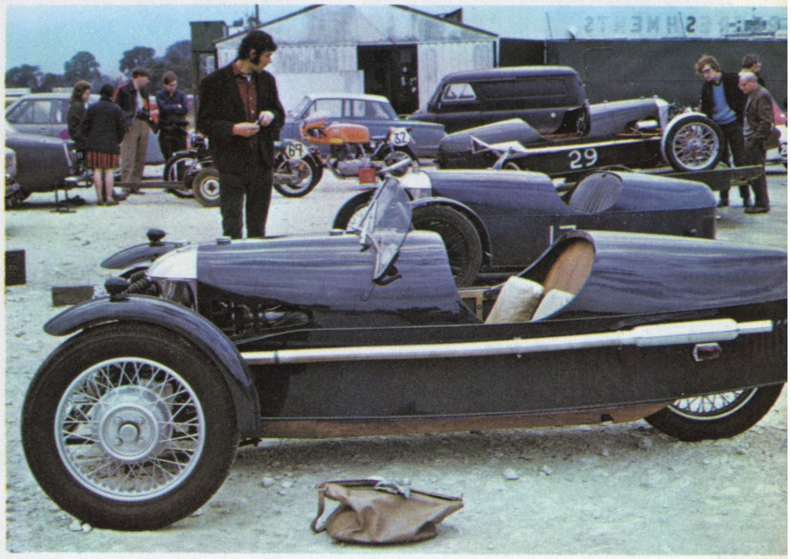


Above: Matchless Morgans. Two splendid Super Sports models with 980 cc Matchless engines. Dating from 1934, these two cars, and the others on these pages, were all pictured at the Morgan Three-Wheeler Club's speed trial meeting at Silverstone. This and other annual events bring together Morgan enthusiasts from all parts of the country. Opposite page, top: Another water-cooled Matchless model with the round-tailed body known as the 'Barrelback.' This racer has been lowered and widened to aid the roadholding, and cycle-type wings have been added. Far right: Last check on transmission in the paddock. Right: A fine 'F2' model based on the 1172 cc side-valve Ford 10 engine.



MORGAN

A suitable car for treatment



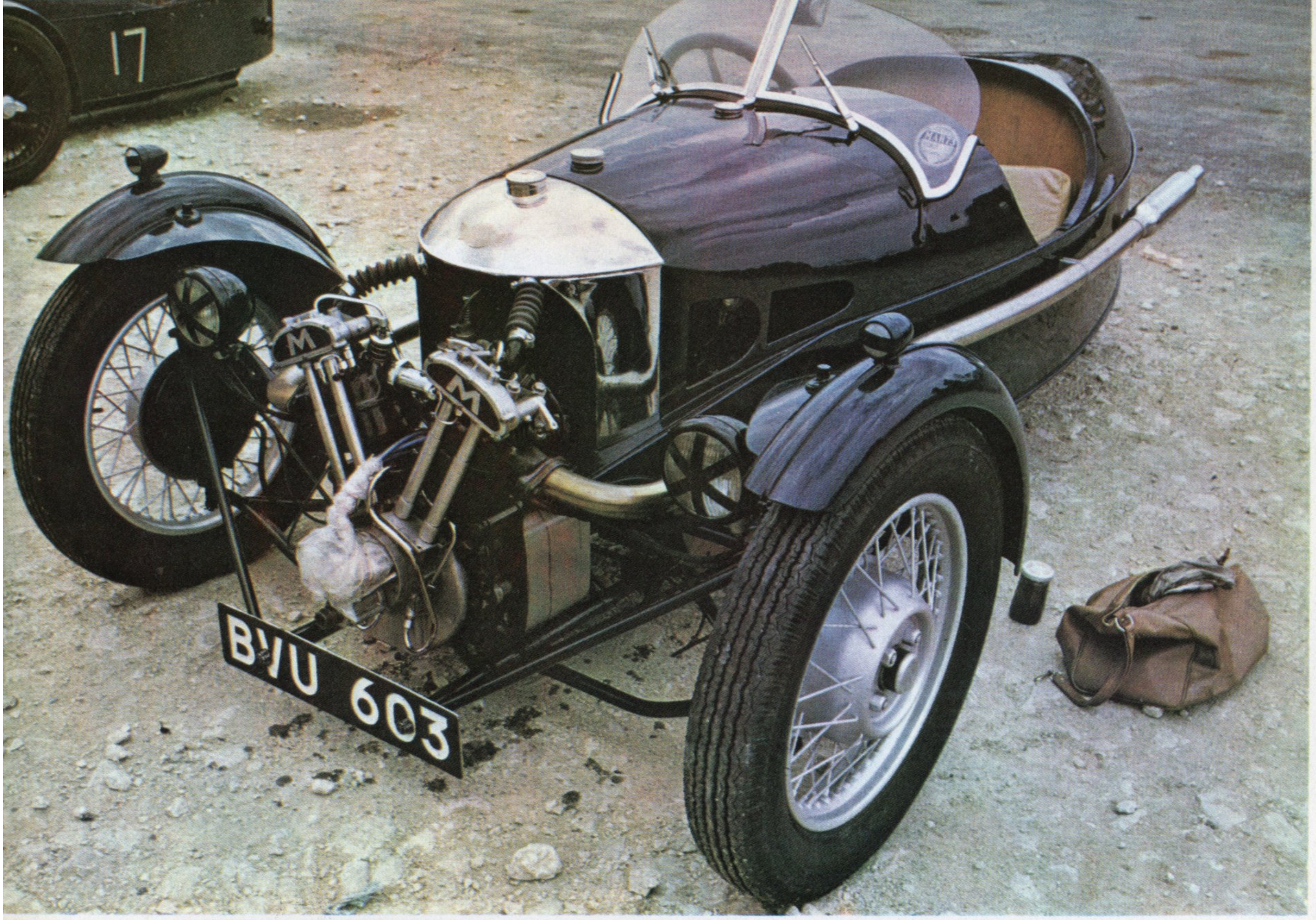
WB pays homage to the oil-soiled and wind-swept enthusiasts who have made a cult of the pre-war three-wheelers

Photographed by Andrew Moreland

Not many people buy new cars and drive away on three wheels. Not, that is, in terms of overall world motor-sales statistics. Had I not added that fact, I would have been certain of a reminder from Reliant of Tamworth, telling me that the demand for modern trikes is on the profitable up-and-up. In other words those boxy three-wheelers are being made in ever-increasing numbers.

Once upon a time, however, it was by no means uncommon to find three-wheeler cars, cyclecars they were called, mingling frequently with all the four-wheeled traffic. And although there were various makes of tri-cars then, the odds were that the next one you encountered, and the one after that, would be – a Morgan. The origin and subsequent history of the Morgan is interesting and romantic but I do not intend to go into the very early days here. Instead I will just fill in for those who have never really looked at a three-wheeled Morgan (and all down the years there have been those who have tried not to see them or who have deliberately looked the other way at their passing). Right!

The first Morgan happened in 1909. It was about the most simple mechanical road vehicle you could have had, after a single-gear solo motorcycle. It was 'invented' by H. F. S. Morgan, son of the Vicar of Stoke Lacy. 'H.F.S.' had a small country garage at Malvern Link, under the shadow of those hills. He had been trained in engineering with the GWR but had enough ambition to leave railway work to others and get an agency for post-1906 Wolseley and Darracq cars and to run a bus service out to Worcester with a low-powered Wolseley. Perhaps it was too low-powered, because it soon failed, to be replaced by hire cars. Ambition unappeased, the young Morgan built a three-wheeled car. It had a chassis of brazed-up tubing, ingeniously arranged so that the engine, taken from an early Peugeot motorcycle, could be mounted across the



front. The exhaust gases from two cylinders fed into the chassis tubes themselves, and the propeller shaft was encased within a larger central tube. A gearbox (an expensive, heavy thing!) was dispensed with by using a dog-engaged two-speed chain drive to the single rear wheel. Of bodywork and brakes there were virtually none. Steering was by tiller and the front suspension consisted of sliding steering pivots which moved up and down on vertical tubes with coil springs inside them to act as dampers. This is the system which Lancia of Turin discovered some fourteen years later and which you see as the much-flaunted MacPherson struts today. This system, in its original naked form, is still used for the 1973 Morgan four-wheelers.

All this was very crude but it worked and kept out the weather from places where a human being usually likes to feel dry. Motorcycles didn't and don't. Not surprising, therefore, that by 1911 the Morgan was in modest production and that from then on the business, which his son Peter Morgan now runs, never really faltered.

Just before we leave the pioneer days, let me make it clear that it was not being a vicar's son in the stern, strict pre-1914 era which drove H.F.S. to motor engineering. On the contrary, his father was his staunchest supporter. Indeed, there is stamped on the minds of all true Morganists the picture of the Very Reverend George Morgan, in dark overcoat and tall top hat, at Brooklands Motor Course in November 1912, congratulating his son on having broken the Cyclecar Hour Record. He did this at just less than 60 mph in a

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Top left: A superbly maintained 1934 water-cooled Super Sports with Matchless engine. Left: A Super Sports model before the race. Top right: A beautiful 1928 JAP-engined Super Aero racer. Far right, above: A Ford powered four-seater – more refined, but slower than the open twins like this water-cooled Matchless (below) Near right, above: This strange tail-end gave rise to the name 'Beetleback'. Below: 1931 Aero body detail.

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MORGAN

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Morgan
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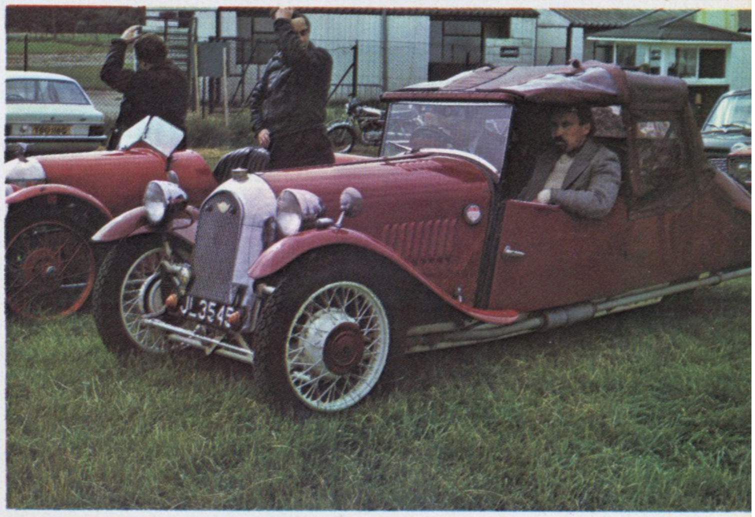
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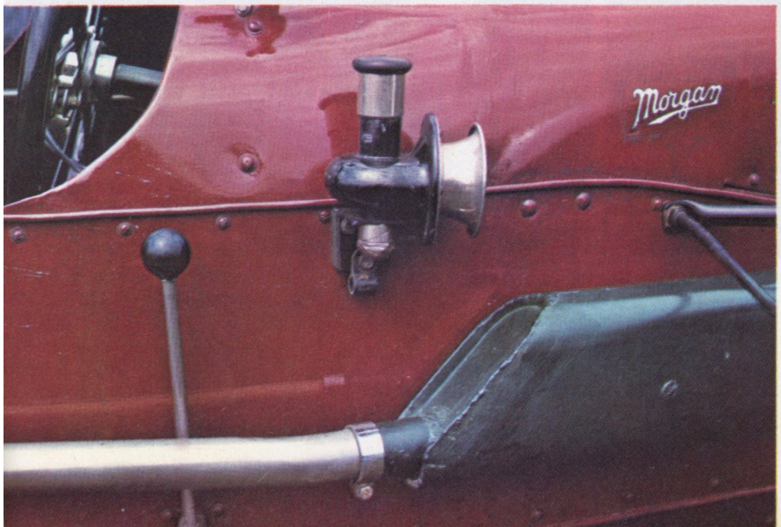
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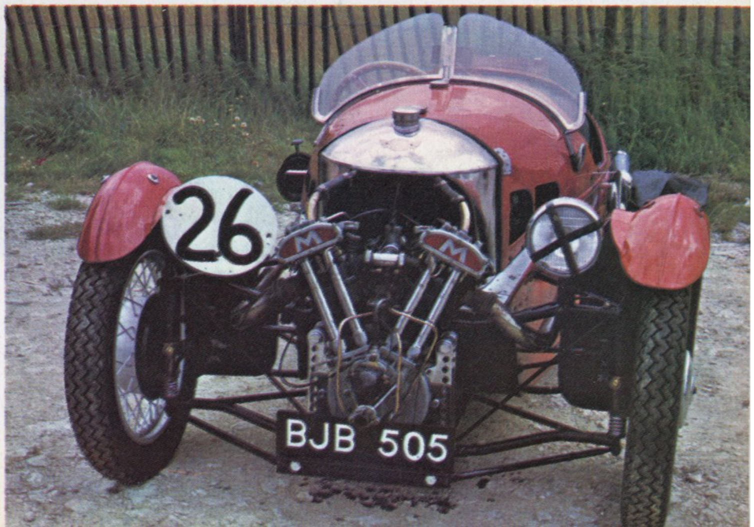
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BJB 505

MORGAN

Continued from page 54

Morgan, of course – a narrow top-heavy aircooled vee-twin three-wheeler. Ever after, Father Morgan was as ardent an exponent of his son's simple cyclecars as any offspring could wish to have.

Skipping those early days let us pass to the hey-day of the Morgan, the formative vintage years. It was by now an established fact of motoring life. Daimler owners may not have approved but lots of young people did! They drove Morgans in trials, they raced them at Brooklands and on the sands, until a nasty upset to one during the 1924 200 Mile Race caused the high officials of the sport to ban them for four seasons, on safety grounds.

Later three-wheeler fanatics were to argue the merits of putting one wheel in front, instead of two, rather more fiercely than Mini addicts express their belief in the front-wheel-drive. All I can say is that a much larger company than the little outfit down in Malvern Link (where they still make the modern Morgan 4/4 and the potent Plus-Eight) decided that it must get onto the tri-car bandwagon and went for front-wheel-drive.

The Metropolitan Police tried them and decided they were too easily invertible to be useful as cop-cars. In another make, with one wheel at the nose, you were supposed to get the benefit of better traction from the two back driving wheels. This is the method used by both Raleigh and Reliant.

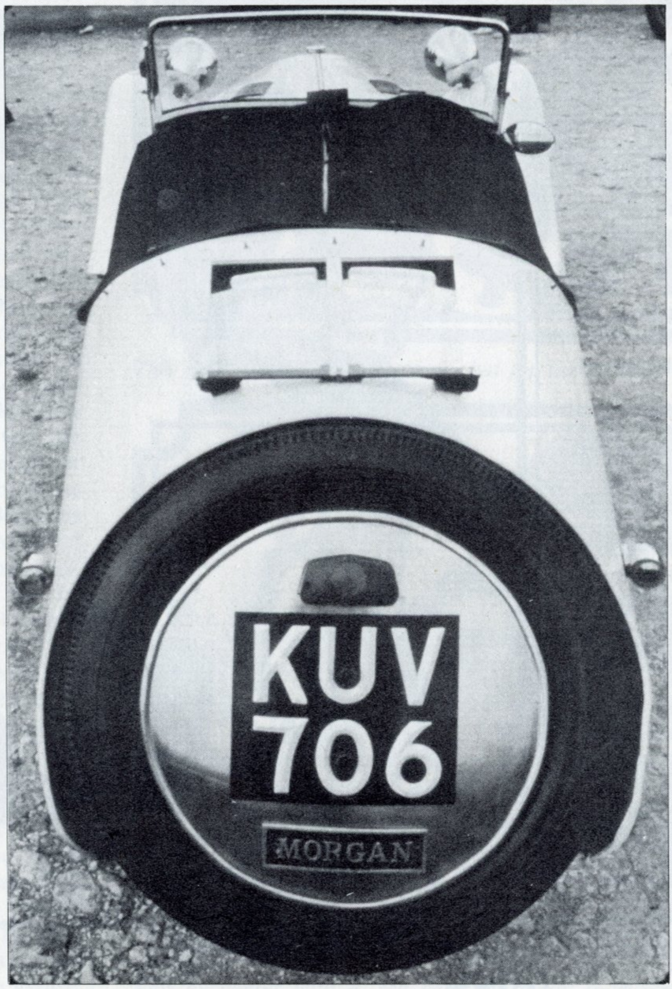
Anyway, there were three-wheelers and there were Morgans. The Morgan fraternity of 1925 was much as the Morgan fraternity of 1973, except that the former was able to buy 'em new, whereas the latter cobble them up from what bits are left or they can make in the garden shed. They were and are likely to be oil-soiled, windswept, mildly hysterical and 100 per cent enthusiastic.

The sporting Morgan was called an Aero and its cockpit, with two small half-circle wind-screens, oil drip-feed, and no space to spare was not so very different from that of a war-time aeroplane. Mothers who saw their daughters donning a flying helmet over bobbed hair and pulling on an oil-streaked leather coat for a trip with the boy-friend in an Aero had a feeling of relief when they saw how tightly wedged together are the sexes in a Morgan cockpit. What they didn't allow for was the frequency with which a Morgan was likely to stop. Never mind, the company made a Family model for those overtaken by a fate worse than a smash, with two tiny seats for the little twinkles, one each side of that long-suffering solo back wheel.

But, Aero or Family, or any one of the many variants in between, your Morgan would have been propelled by a lusty vee-twin engine, either air or water-cooled, mounted right on the leading edge of the contraption and exposed to the elements in the more exciting versions. For brakes there was a band on the back wheel and perhaps, after 1926, tin-lid-like front anchors, which were mainly ornamental. You changed speed with a strip of iron topped by a funny-shaped wood knob. If the back tyre punctured there was a major job of roadside dismantling and reassembly to do – fixed wheels and no spare. If there was an electric starter and it got to grips with a high-compression twin-pot engine, it was a miracle. Speed was controlled by a Bowden lever on the steering wheel, which was never where you expected it to be when it became prudent to shut-off in a hurry. Change of direction was accomplished by wrist-flexion, and the steering track rod was a thin rod bent over at each end and kept from parting from the steering-arms by means of split pins. Lighting was so problematical that not every owner ordered a set – a lighting-up chart and home before dusk being more reliable. If there was a hood you had more chance of wedging-in with a bird. But if she made you put it up, strapped to the mudguards to prevent it blowing inside out, the driver saw almost nothing at all.

That was Morganing, *circa* 1925. Why did they do it? The reasons were several. For one, an ex-motorcyclist, used to lifting cylinder barrels, decompressors, indeed the whole bally outfit, could treat a Morgan (it had no reverse gear) similarly. He felt at ease with chains and drip-feeds and grinding-in the four valves. Another reason was economy. In 1924, the four-cylinder, four-speed, water-cooled, four-wheel-braked, electrically-commenced Austin Seven cost £155. You could buy a Family-model Morgan for £95, or £105 with a dynamo lighting set. The tax was £4 a year, against £8 for the Austin and there were only two plugs and three tyres to replace. Anyway, although both makes were going great guns on the tracks, the Morgans exceeding 100 mph, the sporty boys would prefer a temperamental Aero Morgan to a Seven any day.

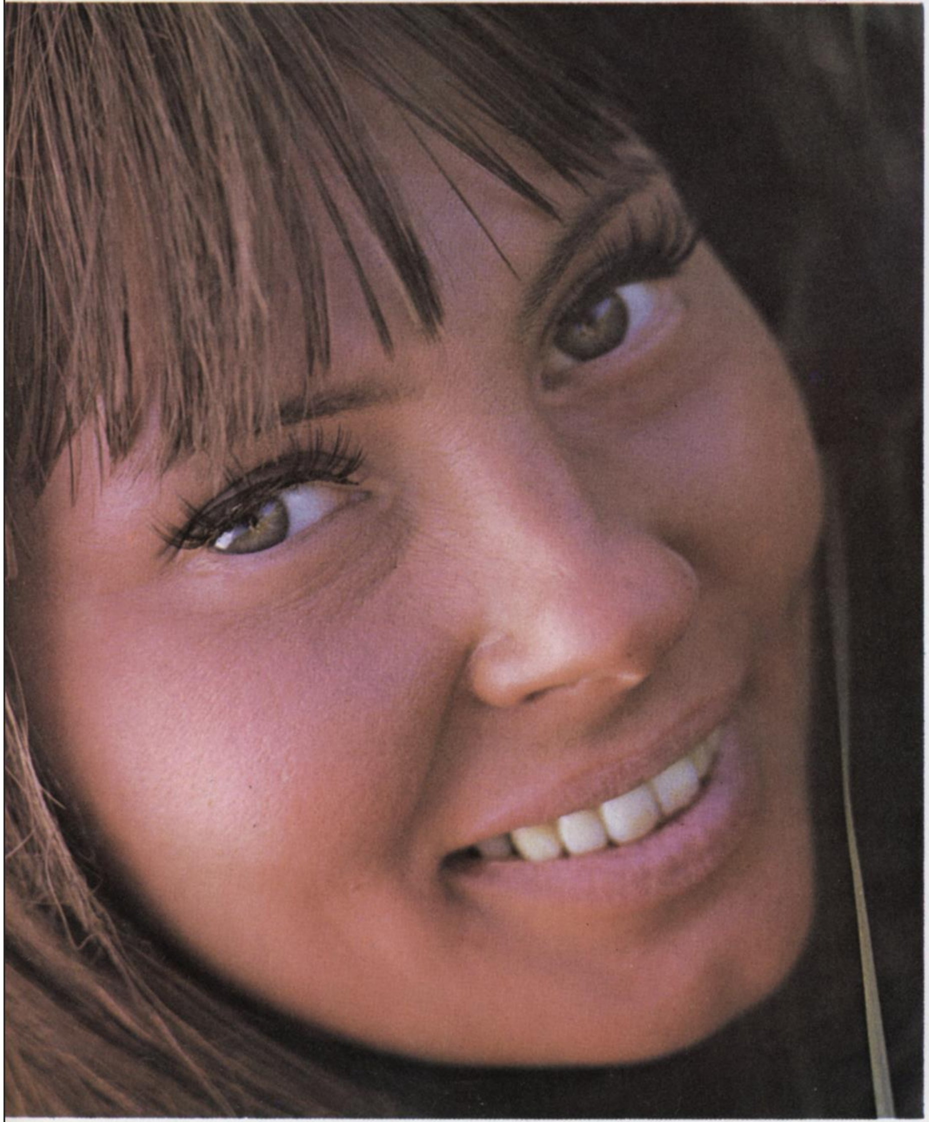
I would also like to add a tribute to the Morgan Three-Wheeler Club for keeping a surprisingly large number of Morgans of all ages on the road. They have a cheerful monthly magazine. They run all manner of events for their members, who actually *like* driving about on three wheels. Last year they held a race on a banked track, thought to have been the only one of its kind since the closing of Brooklands. They have Morganed from Land's End to John o' Groats, they compete in the Motor Cycling Club's classic Exeter and Lands End Trials. They are also represented at the Silverstone High-Speed Trial and organise hill-climbs and speed trials, Sunday runs and Socials. They are about the most scruffy (sometimes), enthusiastic, and down-to-earth motorists you are likely to encounter. They believe in originality, of machines which haven't been made since before the war. They crackle about cheerfully behind JAP, Matchless, Anzani, Blackburne and MAG engines, of a pattern no self-respecting motorcycle manufacturer would contemplate using these days, or purr along propelled by Ford Eight or Ten engines. Somehow they cope with traffic-lights, MoT tests and obsolete-size tyres, and a better behaved, more friendly lot of people you would be hard put to discover. Henry Ford said that when he saw an Alfa Romeo he always raised his hat to it. I can only presume that he never had the fortune to meet a Morgan.



Clean lines of a Ford-engined F.2. Built in 1934, it is used daily

NADJA

At the mention of Sweden the first thing that comes to mind is a vision of a tall, blonde beautiful girl. But they're not all like that. Nineteen year old Nadja Rhodin is a Laplander from the land of the midnight sun in the northernmost part of that country famed for its beauties. But Nadja now lives and works in Stockholm, many miles from her home where she was brought up with that centre of the Lapland economy – the reindeer. 'I like the big city life,' says Nadja, 'but every now and again I go out into the forests and mountains to see the animals that remind me so much of



home.' As you can see Nadja is young and warm and the last thing she fears is the cold. 'The snow here is not as cold as people think,' she says, 'you can even get suntanned and it's so nice to feel the tingling of the snow against the skin.' When Nadja is not exposing her 35-22-35 to snow and wind she's in the sauna: 'Those birch twigs really do things to me,' she says

Was it something I said?

Rosalind Davies makes her Mayfair debut

'I haven't had it yet and I need it – I don't know what I'll do if I don't have it soon.' My voice rang out loud and clear through the office canteen. Mary knew that my package tour was fixed for two weeks time and had asked if I had received my passport through the post. I hadn't intended to shout quite so loud but wanted to make myself heard over the noise of everybody eating and drinking and talking all at the same time.

Funnily enough, as soon as I'd shouted the reply to Mary, the whole place went completely silent. At the same time all the men in the place held their spoonfuls of rice pudding suspended in mid-air and stared at me. I thought it was a bit strange that they should all choose the same time to do so, but I was glad that they had noticed my new hair-do at last

Back at my typewriter, I was still preening myself over the impact my new hair style had made, when the phone rang. Would I go along to Mr Brown's office at once?

'Ah there you are Rosalind' he said, 'I've had to send my secretary home because she didn't look at all well. I wondered if you could help me out.'

I had no objection and was half-way through nodding my head when he bounded forward and pressed himself up against me.

'Oh Rosalind my dear, it is I who must help you; not you help me. When I think of how you must be suffering.'

'Mr Brown!' I tried to push him away.

'You poor child. Why didn't you come to me before? You know I wouldn't have refused you.'

'Mr Brown – please.' I struggled.

'Haven't I always been kind to you?'

I nodded but still struggled.

'Of course I have, you poor darling. Now let the kind Mr Brown undo these pretty buttons.'

His one arm went round my back holding me tight while the other hand got busy on my blouse.

'Now relax you poor dear. Just put yourself in the nice Mr Brown's hands.'

I didn't exactly put them in his hands – they more or less fell in as he pushed my bra up, up and away.

'Oh my dear, they're lovely. There – they like that don't they?'

They liked it fine. Another few seconds and they would be shaking hands with him. I was beginning to like it too. I couldn't figure out why he was suddenly fancying me like mad but the more he fondled the less I cared.

'Now my dear. Let the nice Mr Brown gently slide these little knickers down. There now – isn't that better. Now we can see little pussy – oh such a sweet little pussy – and aren't you a naughty wicked girl to keep pussy hungry for all these years.'

Pussy, being uncovered so suddenly, was beginning to blink at the light. For myself, I was trying to make some sense of what this guy was talking about. All these years? Didn't he know that pussy almost had indigestion only two nights ago?

'Ooh Mr Brown – ooh – ooh!'

'Don't be afraid my dear. Just give me your hand. Down here. Yes, like that. There – now you can feel what the nice Mr Brown is going to use to ease your terrible need. No – don't hold it quite so tight dear – that's it. Now – just lean back against the desk – no – bring your botty forward just a little – yes that's it. Now your legs dear – a teeny bit wider – that's lovely – oh yes dear that's fine. Now –'

The banging on the door didn't register with me for a moment. All that open wider business had got me pondering. Was my dental appointment today or tomorrow? It was the sob and the tear that fell on my left nipple which brought me back to earth. Mr Brown – the nice Mr Brown, was taking the food out of pussy's mouth and, using one hand to cram it back into his trousers, was frantically trying to pull my knickers up my one leg with the other.

'Quick, for God's sake – put them on' he whispered to me and then turning to the door he shouted. 'Yes – who is it?'

'Mr Rogers wants to see Miss Davies in his office right away' came a voice. It sounded like young John. I looked at Brown long enough to see the disappointment on his face change to resignation. Rogers was higher up in the office hierarchy and if he wanted me right away, well, that's the way it had to be. So off I went.

Stepping into the corridor I saw that I was right. It was young John who had come for me and was now waiting to escort me. We walked along together until we were about to pass the broom cupboard, when, taking me by surprise, he opened the door of it and bundled me inside. Still dazed from my previous encounter I stood petrified while he closed the door behind us and switched on the light.

'Oh Miss Davies, you want it so much and I've never had it. Please let me – please!'

'Now don't be silly John' I said with what I hoped sounded like dignity. 'You're only sixteen and that's much too young to be fretting about sex. Think about something else and take your mind off it. What about sport – why don't you make friends with the other boys here and then you can all go out into the park and play with your balls and things. Isn't that what boys do?'

I thought the office had gone mad when the wolves gave me the sexy work-over. I was flattered but . . .

telling her personal stories of the erotic

Maybe I phrased it wrong but before I could put it another way, John had his zip down and from what sprang out I had to admit to myself that even at sixteen he definitely had cause to fret. He began to charge towards me then – oops – suddenly he began breathing as though he had run a two-minute mile.

'Oh, I'm sorry Miss – it just happened.'

I checked to see whether I would need the Dab-It-Off before feeling sorry for him and then made a quick exit before he could get his second wind. Walking away I tried to reason things out. Had National Lust Week begun without me knowing about it? Was the firm trying out Lust Is A Must as a new sales slogan? Or had I just developed the knack, not so much of turning men on, but of driving them bloody crazy for it?

When I finally appeared before Mr Rogers he was his usual fatherly self except that, if he was looking on me as a daughter, he obviously had incest in mind. 'I can satisfy your bodily needs, my child, but I must also have your heart' he said, reaching for it with a trembling hand. I was just about to point out that my heart lay more under the other one but thought it best not to encourage him. Besides, giving him a biology lesson would take time – enough time – even for him. Father-figure he might be. A father at the expense of my figure? Not bloody likely!

I staggered back to my desk just in time to hear the phone ring again. Another urgent demand for my services. So it went on. Come to this office. Go to that office. Again and again and again. I certainly did the rounds.

Mr Colton played on my ambition while playing with everything else. 'You have just what it takes to do really big things' he said. Old Horrocks held himself erect and put in a plea for the older generation. After seeing it, I was inclined to agree that as he put it 'There's no tool like an old tool.' Mr Finch was blunt. 'I'll give it to you straight,' he said, going on to explain that his arthritis ruled out the Kama Sutra. Even Percy, the liftman, tried his hand. 'Going up?' he enquired.

So it went on all afternoon until at last I reached the top. They say if you try hard enough you get there. In this case all I'd done was grab my panties back up a few times but everybody else had tried hard. Boy, how they'd tried.

The call from the big boss himself came at the very last minute but the fact that everybody else was going home didn't make a damn bit of difference. When the big man himself beckoned you went – or else!

'Now Miss – er – Davies,' he said, pacing up and down on his plush carpet. 'If a pin drops in this place I hear it so when there's been no work done in the whole damn establishment all afternoon you can imagine that I know about it.'

I grimaced, not so much at what he'd said, but because the activities of the last few hours had left their mark on my panties. I now seemed to be wearing a rather damp reef-knot and my most sensitive spot was definitely getting the wrong impression.

'I'm sure you will agree' he continued 'that the efficiency of the firm must come first and we just cannot have the entire male staff unsettled. So now then Miss – er – Davies, what are we going to do about this virginity of yours?'

'But I'm –' I tried to protest. Me – a virgin? I should be so unlucky! I couldn't imagine where the hell he'd got that idea from, but boss or no boss, a girl has a right to defend her dishonour.

'I'm told that horse-riding very often does the trick – what about trying that? Besides relieving your – er – er condition I'm sure that you would enjoy it. It can be quite stimulating you know and there's nothing like the feel of a real stallion gripped tightly between your thighs.'

'But I –' I was beginning to think that there was something in what he was saying – the last bit anyway – but I still wanted to put him straight about things.

'You can't ride? Nonsense – there's nothing to it. Look – I tell you what – I'll be the horse.' He got down on his hands and knees. 'Now get on my back and I'll show you how easy it is.'

Well, I thought, as everyone else has apparently gone round the twist, who am I to hold out? I hitched up my mini, cocked one leg over, and mounted him. He made as if to gallop round the office but as he lurched to one side I fell to the carpet, spreadeagled and flat on my back.

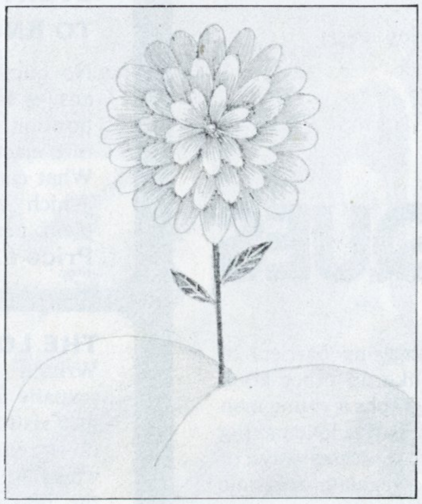
'Oh sir, we're not right' I said as I felt his weight on me. 'The horse shouldn't be on top – ooh sir – horses don't do that – ooh – ooh – ooh sir!'

In a few seconds I realised that whatever horses did or didn't do, my boss was doing it and doing it good. Knowing a thoroughbred when I felt one in action, I took a firm grip with my thighs and rode with him towards the finishing post.

Usually, whenever it's about to happen – when the sirens are about to sound, lights flash, bells ring – when I'm digging in my nails, drumming my heels, gurgling in my throat – I can't think of anything else. On this occasion, just before I floated away on cloud nine, I did reflect on the events of that fantastic afternoon.

I remember wondering. Was it something I said?

Gentlemen, that reminds me...



A round-up of after-dinner jokes

An old actor had been signing on at the labour exchange for so long that the officials there were fed up with him.
'I'm sending you for a job,' the clerk told him, 'and if you don't keep it we'll stop your benefits.'
'What's the job?' the actor asked.
'It's an easy job. A theatre wants a prompter and assistant manager for a new show that's being rehearsed,' he was told.
Next day he was back at the labour exchange.
'All right,' said the clerk. 'It had better be good or no more benefits for you.'
'Well,' said the actor. 'I called out during rehearsal: "Enter the Duchess with a candle right upper entrance." The girls giggled and the director said it couldn't be right and to try again. I started again and read out: "Enter the Duchess with a candle left upper entrance." The Duchess swore, the chorus girls laughed until their boobs popped out and I got my cards.'

A country boy came to London and got a job as a bus driver. He was to start work at eight o'clock the following Monday morning.
At ten past eight the inspector came up to ask him why he hadn't left yet.
'I'm waiting for the conductor, sir,' the boy said.
'There isn't a conductor, son,' the inspector told him. 'This is a one man operated bus.'
A little later the inspector's phone rang and he was told that the boy had crashed the bus into a shop window. The inspector went to the scene of the accident and found the boy sitting on the pavement scratching his head.
'What happened, lad?' he asked.
'I don't know, sir. I was upstairs collecting the fares at the time.'

A young girl was suffering from morning sickness and went to see her doctor.
'Well,' said the doctor, 'I'm afraid you're pregnant.'
'I can't be,' she protested. 'The only men I've been with are nudists and in the nudist camp we only practise sex with our eyes.'
'In that case,' replied the doctor, 'someone in the camp is cock-eyed.'

A male patient in hospital was giving the nurses some trouble. One of them hit on an idea to teach him a lesson. She pulled the curtains around his bed and told him to lie on his stomach and lower his pyjama trousers as the doctor had ordered temperatures to be taken at the 'other end today'.
'Just lie quietly for a while and I'll be back,' she assured him.
A few minutes later the matron came into the ward and saw a group of nurses peeping through the curtains and stifling their giggles.
Marching down the ward she parted the curtains, went in and asked the patient just what was going on.
'I'm only having my temperature taken,' he said turning his head round to see her.
'What,' she asked. 'With a chrysanthemum?'

After 60 years of marriage an old Welsh couple living in a mining village agreed to bare their souls to each other. Each confessed they had been unfaithful to one another.
'Remember when you went to see your aunt in London in 1932,' he said. 'Well, while you were away I slept with two women, your old school friend Mary Jones and my old flame Jill Williams.'
'You've been honest with me so I'll come clean as well,' said the old lady. 'When you were away fighting in France in 1914 I was also unfaithful to you twice,' she confessed. 'Once with the Valley Male Voice Choir and once with the 8th Battalion Carmarthen Light Infantry.'

A man bought a farm and a sow. He asked his wife to watch the sow, explaining that if she saw it eating grass it was ready for mating and could be taken to the boar on the next farm.
A couple of days later his wife told him that the sow had started to eat grass so the farmer put it on a barrow and took it to the next farm to be mated.
When he came back he told his wife to watch it again.
'If the sow eats grass,' he explained, 'it hasn't taken.'
A few days later his wife reported that the sow was eating grass again so it was put on the barrow and taken for mating again.
The farmer brought it back and again asked his wife to watch it closely. Two days later he asked his wife if it had been eating grass.
'No,' she said, 'but it's sitting on the barrow.'

Joe and Edith, two old tramps, each pushing a pram, met in a country lane.
'Nice pair of shoes you've got there, Joe,' said Edith. 'I think they'd fit me.'
'Come into the field and they're yours,' said Joe.
'I'm past that sort of thing,' retorted Edith.
'I'll take a chance,' answered Joe and into the field they went.
After a while they came out again.
'You're a great old girl,' said Joe. 'First you put your right arm round me and then your left leg crossed round my backside. Then the other arm followed by your right leg. That's the best way I've had it for a long time.'
'Well,' Edith said. 'I had to try the shoes on, didn't I?'

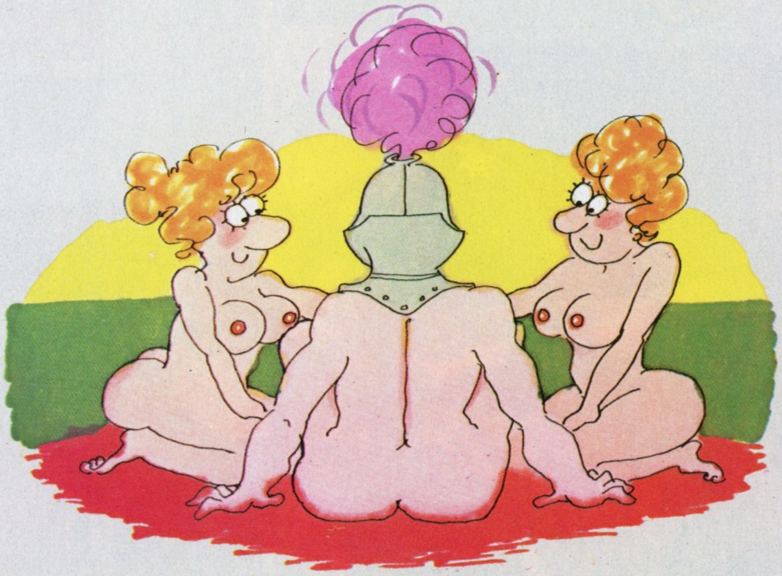
If you're speaking of actions immoral,
Then how about giving the laurel
To doughty young Esther
Who took three men to best her –
One for'ard, one aft and one oral.

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2. There is a free subscription for the reader whose letter is selected. In case of duplication of jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on awarding a subscription is final.

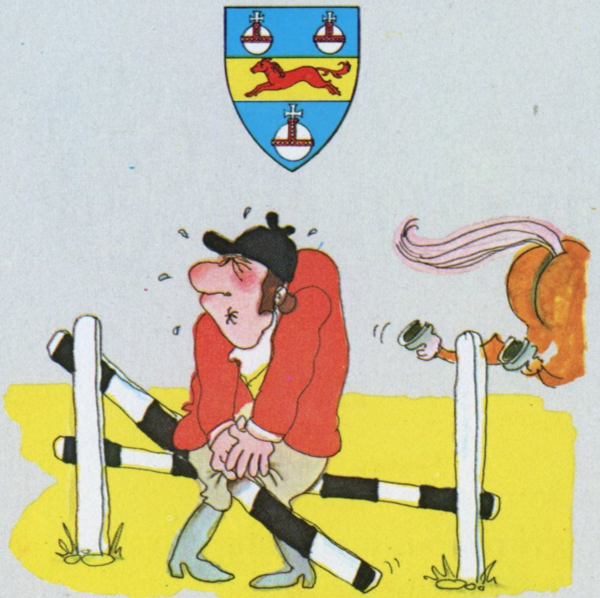
Loins Rampant

or a swift kick in the gules

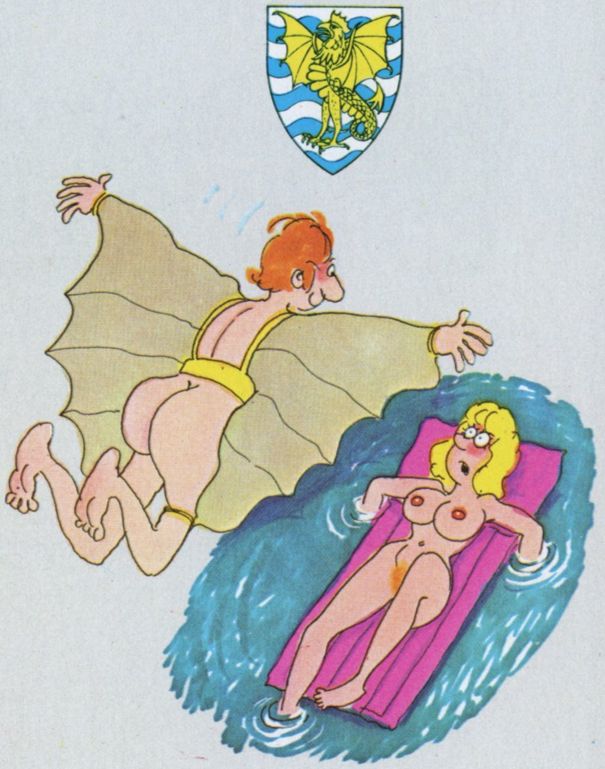
Peter Maddocks takes a tongue in cheek look at heraldry by fitting his own riotous imaginings to the coats of arms of some British surnames



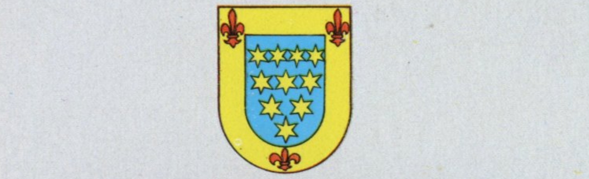
Coat of arms of the Puttock family



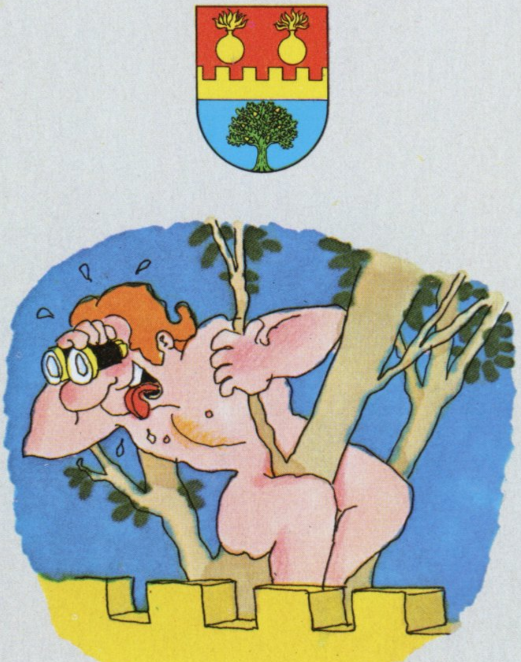
Coat of arms of the Moss family



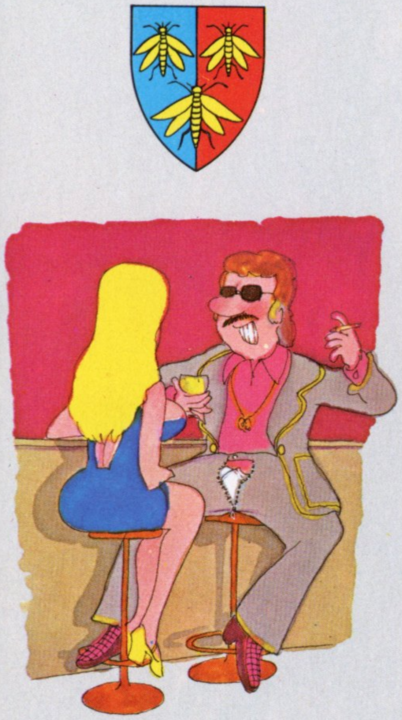
Coat of arms of the Shaw family



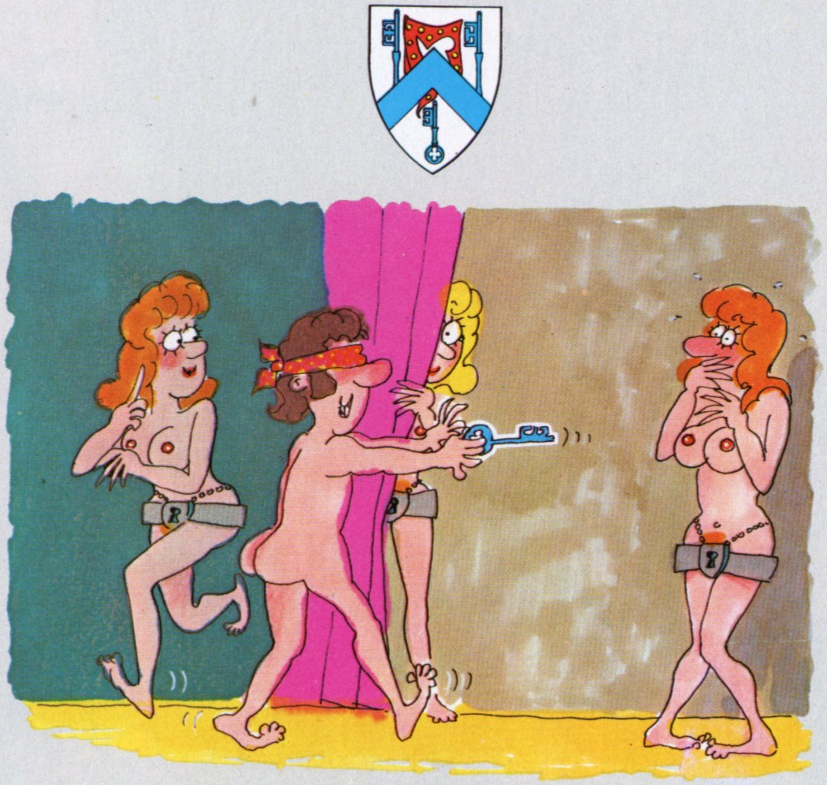
Coat of arms of the Alston family



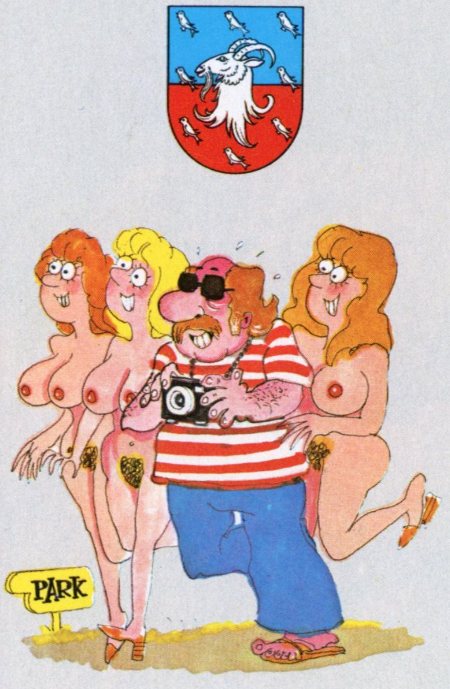
Coat of arms of the Inglesby family



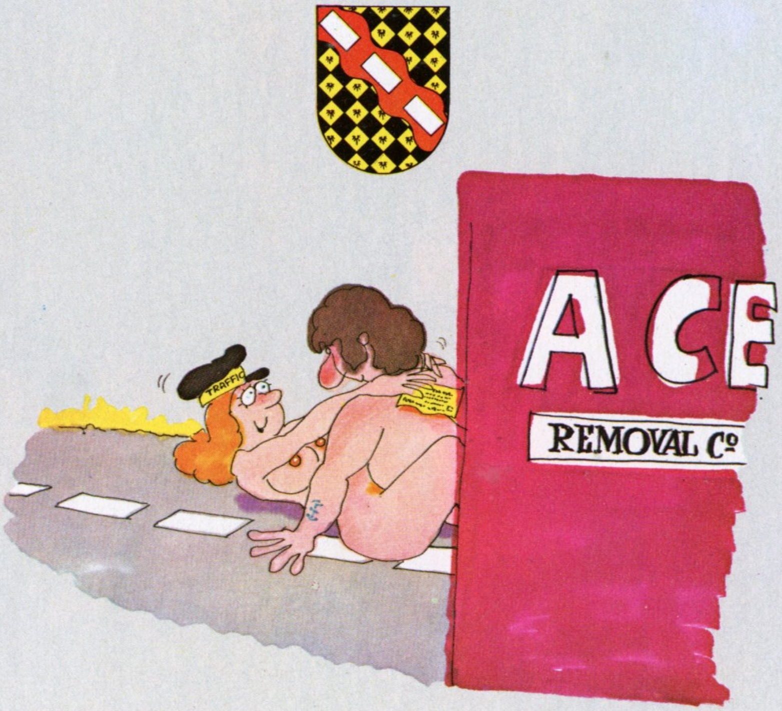
Coat of arms of the Dorre family



Coat of arms of the Flavel family



Coat of arms of the Boord family

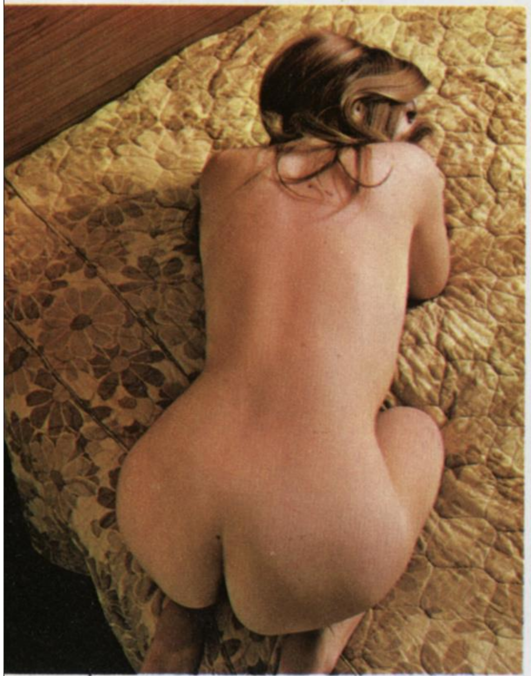

TRAFFIC
ACE
REMOVAL Co

Coat of arms of the Blundell family

AMANDA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

With so many dolly secretaries helping with the running of the country's big business it is a great surprise that anything gets done at all, what with all those bulging breasts and flashes of pantie to distract the bosses all day long. And what could be more distracting than the charms of Amanda Robinson sitting across a desk with pen and pad at the ready. For an 18-year-old Amanda's charms are quite something. She's a well rounded 37–24–36, all wrapped up in 5 feet 5 inches of girl topped with long flowing auburn hair that swishes around as she flits about the office.



Amanda was found by our intrepid advertisement director Brian Giddings. She was tucked away and sitting prettily in a West End advertising agency. Perhaps it was his sales patter that brought her into the office, but in she came and after we'd coaxed her into nudity the demure little secretary bird became wild and uncaring, prancing around like a frustrated lioness. 'When I'm in the office,' she says, 'I'm so careful not

to show too much of anything, just a flash of thigh is enough to keep the wolves in the office on heat. That keeps them happy and nice to me. But when I've got nothing on at all it doesn't seem to matter, does it?' Amanda lives in East Sheen with her parents and when not at home or work is to be found drinking in the Bull's Head at Barnes listening to the jazz groups they have there. She's also a discotheque fan and regularly gets taken to the La Valbonne in London's Kingley Street. 'I like the comforts of home but there are some restrictions,' says Amanda. Then she adds with a cheeky grin: 'Richmond Park does have its advantages in the summer though.'

QUEST

The laboratory of human response

Volume Five

We start the New Year with a survey that is something of a departure for us. What light can girls shed on the male problem of an early climax? The whole subject of premature ejaculation has long had a vague taboo about it. It's easy to see why this should be so. For the man it is a great humiliation and not a problem he is very willing to share with others. But his wife or sex partner knows about it. Is she willing to talk? With reservations, yes. Quest discovers that the syndrome is more common than most people might think. Girls' attitudes to it are interesting and even reassuring. It is a fascinating insight into a subject too often kept from the light of day.

INTRODUCTION

The Quest interviews this month are of particular interest as they cover a part of the sexual scene that is not normally even talked about. Our subject is early climax in the male and its repercussions on the female partner. We learn about the problem, of course, from the woman's point of view but the delicacy of the subject is underlined by the difficulty we had in finding girls who would talk frankly. They preferred not to dwell on such a personal topic. Our investigations lead us to believe that early climax is a source of anxiety to many males. The three cases outlined here are unusual only because they are openly discussed. Masculine pride dictates a reticent attitude to the problem. The man feels degraded in the girl's eyes. But the interviews show that this is by no means a true assumption. Our three girls all showed great sympathy and far from being critical wanted to help. We found that the girl also worries that it is herself rather than her boy friend at fault. This month's Quest sheds new light on an old problem . . .

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

One **Civil Servant, 23 years old, auburn, town of origin Rochester**

This interviewee was married and had met her husband while working as an interviewer herself for the Department of Health and Social Security. One of five children she had become sexually aware at an early age, had first experienced sexual intercourse shortly after leaving school.

Quest: How important is your orgasm?

Civil Servant: You mean that I reach one during sex or that I need to have sex fulfilment?

Quest: Well?

Civil Servant: Well, all right, not terribly – sometimes. Sometimes it doesn't occur to me even when I'm having it; sometimes desperately important and I'll do anything.

Quest: How anything?

Civil Servant: Well, helping it along, you mean things like that?

Quest: Perhaps. Would you try to find a man to have sex with if you felt that way?

Civil Servant: Hardly. Before I married – then – perhaps. But I meant doing anything to have an orgasm when I'm making love to my husband. I know if I arouse him too quickly sometimes, he has difficulty not coming off before I do.

Quest: So you help it along?

Civil Servant: By getting more friction on my clitoris. It's best when I sit on top of him and go backwards and forwards. That slows him down and also brings me off unusually fast because it keeps my little man in contact with him. You see, I'm very tight which squeezes him off pretty soon anyway. And I found I could work my muscles there and that brings him off almost immediately and I can't resist doing it. I go all soft and willing and fuzzy and squeeze and off he comes – my husband. I'd have made a fabulous whore wouldn't I? If I wasn't married. My husband tells me I've a vagina like a schoolgirl – very smooth, like a cleft chin, he says, with the lips tucked inside and if I shave it – I did for fun when we were first living together – he says it's like a schoolgirl's.

Quest: Do you think then, this difficulty in reaching orgasm is governed by your smallness or perhaps your husband's difficulty in control?

Civil Servant: A little of each I should think.

Quest: But you didn't have an orgasm the first time you made love together?

Civil Servant: No, he wasn't very good at sex at all.

Quest: But that didn't affect your relationship?

Civil Servant: I was very fascinated by him. It didn't really click that I was going to have to try and practically teach him what to do.

Quest: Were you excited by his penis?

Civil Servant: When I found he had one, I was, a biggish one I mean. It's fascinating. I wish I had one – no I'm only joking, but fancy having a thing like that to play with. I think it's something to do with sucking my thumb. He used to catch me sucking my thumb when I was asleep and he said I lacked security and that was why I liked doing the same thing to his lingam.

Quest: Why lingam?

Civil Servant: Because we were very taken with the Kama Sutra one week when we had the flat to ourselves. At first, that helped me rationalise the fact he wasn't really satisfying me – my fascination with him down there and the rest of his body. I used to unzip him in telephone boxes and put my hand down his trousers at parties and he liked it but it embarrassed him terribly. I just wanted to touch him and hold him there and feel him grow.

Quest: But if you arouse him too much, you said earlier, it isn't a success.

Civil Servant: But I can't resist it. I like kissing it as much as I like having sex with him and if I do he's too worked up to make me come. It's a sort of vicious circle at times.

Quest: Has this situation improved.

Civil Servant: I suppose it has but I don't think of it that way because I'm as fascinated with him now as I ever was. I mean, he's now very capable of bringing me to the top and over with his fingers and his mouth, even with his lingam. It's just that it wasn't like that at first.

Quest: Tell me about the first time you had sex together.

Civil Servant: Well, it was the first day we met and I rather naughtily encouraged him. I was very taken. I worked for Social Security and he came in to claim some money. He was the last one in that day and one of the interviewer's wanted to get away early so I volunteered to interview him.

Quest: Love at first sight?

Civil Servant: Hardly, well not really – I think girls have far more romantic souls than most men give them credit for. Girls are always on the lookout you know for suitable men. Anyway, I fancied him as soon as I saw him. He was tall and gangling like a puppy and terribly anxious to please – he'd just started a job and he wanted a week's subsistence to tide him over. I was very stern and strict with him – I think I'm like that with someone I fancy terribly. Anyway he went out into the waiting room to wait for his money and because I wanted to see him again I offered to go out and lock up as each claimant left.

Quest: Did you consider him sexually at this time?

Civil Servant: I just liked the look of him. I wanted to find out more about him.

Quest: Go on.

Civil Servant: When he'd collected his money he stopped at the door where I was standing and said: 'Now I've got some money why don't you come out with me tonight.' Unheard of. I blushed. I mean, fraternising with the claimants. And I felt like a schoolgirl. I tried to think of something witty that wouldn't hurt him but all I said was: 'Certainly not.' Terribly prudish and off he went down the road, humming and looking terribly happy which struck me as a bit odd.

Quest: Why did you turn him down?

Civil Servant: He had a nerve – he put me in a terrible position. His invitation was too abrupt. Would you expect a girl to accept in that position unless she was . . .

Quest: Easy?

Civil Servant: Well, yes, an easy lay. Despite what happened I wasn't an easy lay. I mean, seducing a man because you're falling in love with him isn't being an easy lay, it's just being a woman.

Quest: But a woman doesn't have to be in love to enjoy her sex, surely?

Civil Servant: Obviously it depends on the woman – but there has to be a greater affinity than just sex – for me, anyway.

Quest: So how did the affair progress?

Civil Servant: I progressed it. Perhaps I'm a little worried by a man who takes all the initiative. When I got back to my flat I told the three girls I shared with about this fabulous looking cheeky man and they wanted to know why I'd turned him down and in the flat talking to them it did seem all different. It seemed I'd been silly as I did fancy him and I wanted to see him again but not on my own. I knew where he lived because I'd written it down on the interview form. He lived quite near an old pensioner I used to visit. I got two of the girls to come with me – they were quite interested to see him themselves – and I could always make out that I'd just called to see him because I was around that way. A bit obvious, wasn't I?

Quest: What happened?

Civil Servant: He opened the door to us. He didn't even seem surprised to see me. It was as though he'd expected me to call round because he was so irresistible. Anyway being cross with him, when he took us into the front room where his flatmates were watching television I started talking to one of them instead of him.

Quest: Did you have any clear idea of what you were going to do next?

Civil Servant: Well, I soon got fed up with talking to this other chap because my two flat mates were making up to the one I fancied, my husband, not then, now, Stephen. Finally he asked me if I'd like to go for a drink and I was relieved so I said yes. But how to get rid of the other two, who I wished I hadn't brought now? I said first I had to visit this old age pensioner and would he come with me. My flatmates said they'd go straight on to the pub – the one we always used to drink in. I could see he wanted to put his arm round me or make some physical approach but he didn't know how to do it. So when we arrived at the old age pensioner's flat I said I was a little afraid of the pensioner. I took hold of Stephen's arm so that he could put his arm round me. The pensioner wasn't in and so we went on to a pub – another pub, not the one my flatmates were in – and we were holding hands and then he kissed me, a bit clumsily as we were walking, and I said that was a naughty thing to do and what did he think I was. I was terribly confused, wasn't I? Acting stupid.

Quest: But you were deliberately leading him on. You must have forseeen some conclusion.

Civil Servant: We had a few drinks and we talked around – very much around – because neither of us mentioned the way he asked me out or that I'd come looking for him. That was tender ground. He just talked to me about himself and I found I could talk back about me. He let his defences down straight and I felt I could love him very much. I don't remember but we somehow gravitated back to my flat and I asked him in. The trouble with my flat was that all four of us girls slept in four separate beds in one room and they were all back there so we went into the front room.

Quest: Did you intend sex?

Civil Servant: It's terribly confusing for a girl – if you don't, men soon lose interest; if you do, especially the first time – they think you're an easy lay and they won't respect you.

Quest: So what made it different this time?

Civil Servant: We sat on the settee and he put his arm round me. Then he kissed me. He was quite good at it. I wanted to touch him and find out about his body and be touched without completely having sex. He didn't need much encouragement. He was leaning across me to kiss me and he put his hand on my neck and ran his fingers through my hair and tickled my ear – he was good at that, it was a nice tingly sensation. Then he ran his hand over my shoulder and down my arm and pulled it so my hand was resting on his leg. I would have put my hand there even if he hadn't but first I wanted to see what he was going to do. He ran his hand under the hem of my sweater – a pale blue polo neck I'd changed into after coming back from work. I still had my work skirt on, a quite short beige mini that was about six inches above my knees.

Quest: You hadn't dressed up specially for him, for instance in a very sexy way?

Civil Servant: I'd had a bath and done my hair and make-up but I've never found wildly sexy clothes necessary to attract men.

Quest: Please go on.

Civil Servant: He pushed his hand up my tummy and slowly, carefully slid it up under my bra. He was very gentle and the way he aroused my nipples it sent tingles through me. I thought that he must be very expert. He was kneading my breast with his fist too – that does excite me. He put the palm of his hand over it and squeezed my whole breast, or nearly – because they're quite big, then tickled the nipple and then covered it and kneaded it again. My hand was still on his leg and he pulled my sweater up and the rest of my bra, up above my breasts. He managed to undo my bra and bent his head down and began running his tongue around the edge of my navel, darting it in, which made me giggle a bit because it was very ticklish. He laughed himself and brought his mouth tickling up to my breasts. Then he squeezed one in each hand. My breasts do hang a bit and he squeezed them around the bases so they bulged right out, straight in front of me, almost completely circular with the nipples hard and he nibbled first one then the other with his teeth. I started moaning and squirming in the seat and feeling terribly randy. Then he took one hand away and slid it up my skirt along the inside of my thigh, straight to the top and pressed his fingers against me through the tights and panties I had on. But tights especially can be very frustrating. Even though I let my thighs fall apart a little there wasn't much he could do except rub hard where he thought my lips were.

Quest: Were you still planning on nothing more than a heavy petting session?

Civil Servant: That's why I squeezed him. I thought he was rushing me ahead too quickly so I moved my hand up his thigh to his penis and squeezed through his trousers. He was very aroused and hard but his trousers were so tight I could only rub him. It felt so exciting in there I just had to unzip him and get it out. I think pricks are terribly gorgeous things really, fascinating objects.

Quest: You were eager to get it out?

Civil Servant: Yes, I was and I didn't feel shameless about it, I felt I was doing something for him. When I started undoing his zip he leaned back and pulled his waist in so I could get at his buckle too. I thought ahha, he likes this. He put his arm across my shoulders and pulled me across him. Then he let his arm drop down my back as I leaned forward and tucked his hand under my arm and squeezed my left breast as I took him out with both hands. He started breathing heavily and put his other hand very gently on the back of my head. He didn't push me down, but just touched me lightly and ran his fingers through my hair. He liked it when I tickled the underside of it with my fingers. Then when I bent down and kissed him he started groaning and first he lay his head back on the back of the settee and then came forward again and tried to watch my face when I put it in my mouth. But I didn't want him to see my face so I kept my head between him and his lingam.

Quest: Did he reach orgasm this way?

Civil Servant: He told me much later I was only the second woman in his life who ever did that for him. I wanted him to ejaculate but he wouldn't. I think he felt that was wrong and I think he was embarrassed about putting me in that position. He wasn't sure what effect it would have on me or whether I really wanted to.

Quest: What happened then?

Civil Servant: He moaned that he was coming and pushed my head away but he managed to hold back and he didn't ejaculate. Then he said, why couldn't we go to bed together. And I told him if we did, we couldn't do anything because all the beds were in the same room. I know now, he was relieved. He thought he'd achieved enough for one night, getting a girl to do what I'd done to him. I sensed it then but I wasn't sure. I wanted to sleep with him so when he said, we'd go to bed and just sleep, I said I thought that would be all right.

Quest: And did you in fact, just go to sleep?

Civil Servant: We undressed in the front room and went through to my bed in the dark with our underwear on. In bed I felt his hand sneaking between the pantie elastic at my thighs. He found me straight away – I know I'm small but I get damp very quickly and I still was. Kissing his penis had made me randier than I had thought. He was very quiet and careful but he rolled on top of me. I could sense the girls were only pretending to be asleep and they were listening to every move. Anyway I didn't stop him. He pulled the elastic of my panties to one side and I reached out and pulled his pants down and guided him into me. He went in without too much trouble but he only managed about five strokes before he started to come. My vagina muscles were contracting like mad. I could feel he was going to and I whispered in his ear: 'It's all right, I'm on the pill,' and I held him in by his bottom and his penis just pumped and jerked inside me, I could feel it moving against my vagina muscles. He said he felt as though he'd

been sucked dry. He whispered it and it made me giggle.

Quest: But you didn't reach orgasm?

Civil Servant: No, I didn't care. I felt I loved him then. He went to sleep in my arms like a baby and we got married – not then. We lived together on and off for about two years and then got married because we wanted to be together all the time. It was more than just being good or bad at sex, much more than that.

Quest: Thank you.

Two Schoolteacher, 22 years old, brunette, town of origin Manchester

This interviewee, a woman very aware of her sexual attractiveness, had enrolled in teacher training college after leaving school. She now taught advanced level GCE Biology and Zoology. She led a full social life and shared a flat with one other teacher, female. She had no present plans for settling down to marriage. At the time of the incidents described she had been in her last year at college.

Quest: You spoke earlier in our discussion about a fellow student. I sensed with some regret.

Teacher: I still think it could have worked between Peter and I, if he'd given me a chance.

Quest: What went wrong?

Teacher: I suppose he wasn't very good at sex and I was too inexperienced really, to encourage him in the right way. I wasn't over wonderful at it myself if the truth be told. I was very fond of him – but he turned his anger on me because he couldn't do it properly. In the end he didn't even try.

Quest: What was the problem?

Teacher: It was very strange, in fact. I'd previously been dating a boy who had been impotent with me – I'd been very worried it was completely my fault. At college we all lived in different digs and it was virtually impossible to take anyone into one's room. This boy could never get an erection. At first I would rub my hips gently across the front of his trousers when we kissed but I could feel it didn't excite him down there. It excited him everywhere else. He would breathe heavily and fondle my breasts under my jumper and moan but he never went any further than that and he didn't get hard. Finally at a college social my curiosity got the better of me and I put my hand on his trousers. He encouraged me and made me squeeze and I could feel him lying limp. I'll always remember what he used to say. 'I wake up every morning thinking of you with a huge erection, but in the evening I can't get one. I wish we could wake up together.' I think he was telling the truth but it was impossible, we had nowhere to go and stay the night.

Quest: How long did this go on?

Teacher: About two months I think. I only knew one way to make a boy have an erection then, basically, and I tried all the time. I would put my hand in his trousers when we were together and touch and squeeze him and he let me but it didn't help.

Quest: How did the association end?

Teacher: He went to another girl.

Quest: How did you meet Peter?

Teacher: Not so much that as he forced himself on me. He seemed to want me very badly. He'd been pestering me on and off for several weeks, asking me to go out with him, but I'd been too emotionally tied up with the other boy. When *he* left me, and Peter knew, he never let an opportunity to chat me up slip by. Finally I agreed because he really was quite fanciable in a fireworky way.

Quest: How soon did you discover your lovemaking might not be so complete as you had hoped?

Teacher: Not that first night, for sure. I knew then that men found me sexually attractive. Peter certainly did find me attractive, he wasn't just after a good time because otherwise his partial inability wouldn't have upset him so much. Perhaps he was just out for what he could get at first. He took me to a folk club run by a friend of his and we had quite a few drinks. On the bus back to my digs we kissed on the back seat upstairs. I was apprehensive that the conductor would see us but I didn't stop Peter putting his hand over my breast. He did it in that sneaky way a lot of boys do. He let his hand slip down from my shoulder until it was resting on the top of my breast and without, he thought, my really noticing, he let it slip lower and lower until it was cupped very very gently over my whole breast. Then he increased the pressure until he was squeezing, his whole hand smothering it through my blouse and my bra. While he was doing that I'd had a chance to dart a look at his trousers and, boy, there was definitely no trouble in that department, it was lying along his leg like a cylinder under his trousers. I discovered he never wore underpants – it's exciting to see a man aroused like that when you're causing it.

Quest: Did it go any further that evening?

Teacher: He kissed me outside my door and pressed me in his arms. I felt every inch of him hard against my belly. To go out with a man who reacted like this to me was wonderful. I suddenly knew I felt like a woman again and I was glad – this lovely reaction.

Quest: How frequently did you see each other?

Teacher: We were both students at the same college so we were frequently together and we went out two or three evenings a week. Our first night in bed though was something of a disaster.

Quest: Tell us about that.

Teacher: We sort of reached an understanding we would go to bed together one evening when we were petting quite heavily at the door to my digs. I was infatuated with the feel of his lovely stiff trouser machine. He was kissing me with his hands on my breasts which he worked out over the top of my bra after undoing my blouse. My nipples were quivering and hard and my breasts had gone goosey in the cool air. The whole effect was of a hard aching for release running all through me so I unzipped his trousers with a half formed and rather silly idea of lifting up my skirt and opening his trousers to warm my tummy against his and feel the reassurance of his thing against the ache between my thighs. It was just something wonderful to feel the warmth of our bodies.

Quest: Please go on.

Teacher: It was as hard as ever – I'd touched it before through his trousers, even held it, slightly frightened to take it out. Now it was warm and living flesh as hard as iron and as I held it against me and then just looked at it, I began to cry. Can you imagine what a big soft fool I must have looked. He asked me why I was crying – it confused him that did. I told Peter I was crying because I wanted his thing for myself.

Quest: How did this bring about your first night in bed with him?

Teacher: He must have known I was falling in love with him in a funny sad way so he arranged with a friend of his who was working a night shift in a factory to let us use his bedsitter. Peter was awkward at first and we both drank a fair amount that evening. In the flat I didn't know what to do so I sat on the edge of the bed. Peter sat down too and got out his cigarettes. We smoked in silence for a while, not looking at each other. Then Peter stubbed out his cigarette and took mine and stubbed that too and put his arm around me and brought his mouth down heavily on mine with his lips apart and his tongue wet and wriggling. He leaned on me so I fell back on the bed and his hand pressed down between my thighs. I was wearing stockings I think, yes not tights, because he didn't at first take them off. My skirt was up my thighs too and he pushed it up to my waist so he could see everything. He parted the elastic of my knickers and slid his hand under them. I felt his thumb pressing down into my sex and his fingers circling round my bottom between my cheeks. He crouched over me on his knees and pulled his thing out. I remember I reached for it but he pushed my hand away. He wanted to pull my knickers off so I lifted my bottom off the bed and he pulled them down as quickly as he could. He dropped his trousers then, bang, he was straight on me. I really wasn't prepared for that – he'd only slipped his thumb in my sex for a second and it hadn't been enough to even moisten me. I wanted him to fondle me and press me and squeeze me and kiss my breasts perhaps, but he just banged his thing at me with this Durex on. It wouldn't go in, it struck my tummy. He put his fingers down to my sex and tried to hold the lips apart as he pushed himself in. He really was amazingly clumsy. He pushed right in quite painfully and as he pushed in he came. I said: 'Peter, Peter, what have you done?' He swore and pulled his trousers on and told me to get into bed. Then he went out of the flat. I was so upset I cried for a long time. He was just punishing me because he hadn't done it properly and that way punishing himself. He didn't come back for hours and when he did he'd obviously been drinking.

Quest: How did you feel towards him?

Teacher: I was upset because I didn't know why he was behaving like this. When he asked me to forgive him I was only too happy to.

Quest: Did he try to make love to you again?

Teacher: Not immediately. He undressed and joined me in the bed but we only slept fitfully. I'd been looking forward to it as a big event, a night in bed with Peter, yes, and it had gone completely wrong and it went all wrong in the morning. He tried to make love to me again with almost the same result. This time I told him to be gentle and he was better. I made him caress my sex and told him to kiss my breasts, but his heart didn't seem to be in it – he did it grudgingly almost. His caresses were fairly perfunctory and he was attacking me with his thing again. It was slightly better this time and as he slid in I began to feel my own feelings building up inside me and I started rotating my pelvis in time to his thrusts. I was telling him to do it more, more, harder and I think that upset him. He pulled himself out, lunged away to turn his back on me and groaned and left me hanging in mid-air. I didn't say anything or criticise him – actually I said I was sorry, I don't know why. He didn't seem to consider using his fingers to make me have an orgasm.

Quest: He didn't try and satisfy you then?

Teacher: I think he'd lost interest once he'd had his own orgasm.

Quest: But the relationship continued?

Teacher: I was deeply involved with him. He did improve actually until just once we clicked together. This was when I was bridesmaid at my cousin's wedding and I was allowed to invite Peter. I wore a beautiful dress like a long orange evening gown with a narrow low halter top with a deep V in it. A bra would have spoiled the lines of the dress, so I didn't wear one. It was a very sexy dress for a bridesmaid's dress and very beautiful. I only had tiny blue knickers and stockings underneath and matching satin high heel shoes. Peter was very excited about it too. At the reception he asked: 'Are you wearing knickers under that?' I said I was. 'Then get them off,' he said. I refused at first but then I went into the ladies and came out with them and showed them to him but I had to prove it. We were at a hotel in Liverpool in one of the special reception halls and he took me along a corridor to the lifts. We waited for an empty lift and as soon as the doors closed he pressed the top button and told me to lift up my dress. I felt like a medieval queen bestowing her favours – in that dress. 'Higher,' he said, and I lifted my dress right up over my face until he could see there was nothing between my sex and his but my suspender belt and my pubic hair – I do, actually, have a thick tangle. 'Baby,' he said, 'you know you really are hairy.'

Quest: Did this arouse you in any way?

Teacher: It was funny. He touched me quite beautifully. He put his hands on the insides of my thighs and drew them up between my slightly parted thighs to my sex and rubbed them just under the fold of my sex. He actually put his face there, rubbing it with his nose. I had a flash of inspiration to remain perfectly still with my face covered. Because he couldn't see my face and I couldn't see what he was doing he lost all his inhibitions about not paying very much attention to me there. I'm sure that was it, to this day.

Quest: But obviously you didn't have sex in the lift?

Teacher: No, but he aroused me as he never had before. I had to drop my skirt as the lift was stopping. I felt very weak and willing. He'd really gone to town with his fingers on my sex and my thighs. All through the rest of the reception we could neither of us wait to get away and I kept having shocks of pure lust for him.

Quest: Please go on.

Teacher: After the reception we were going back to Manchester by train. Peter rushed me out quickly and we caught an early one. It was one of those suburban trains that stop nearly everywhere but it did have old fashioned single compartments. We found an empty compartment but at the last moment as the train was due to leave a whole crowd of people burst in. It was terrible.

Quest: You were still feeling randy?

Teacher: Yes, very. Luckily the other people got out and Peter turned to me and said it would be nearly fifteen minutes to the next station. As soon as the train started he pulled me into the middle of the compartment and held me in his arms, kissing me. He pulled the halter straps of the dress inwards together so that my breasts popped out on either side and holding me with his hands, one clutching each breast, he pushed me back onto the bench seat. I slid down so that I was resting on the seat on my back with my bottom over the edge and my feet on the floor with my knees bent, my thighs horizontal and my calves vertical. He took his hands away from my breasts and lifted my skirt right up over my head again. I let him part my thighs and I felt his fingers at the tops of my stockings caressing the bare skin. I could feel him playing with my sex and my thighs were spread as far apart as they would go as though my sex were on offer to him and I felt so sexually aroused I would have liked to push myself up at him but I couldn't see anything because the dress was up over my head. The sensation of motion of the train was quite erotic too as it rushed along and I could smell a country breeze that was coming through the

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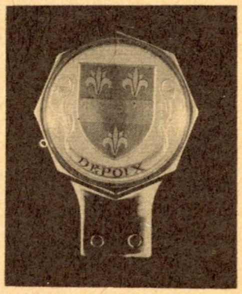

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half open window. It was a quite beautiful experience and Peter was really opening me up with his fingers. I felt moist and as though my sex were fluttering. If my legs hadn't been supporting themselves I would have slid onto the floor in a moaning abandoned heap. The instant I felt his thing touch me I felt I was close to orgasm. My arms were outstretched along the seat on either side of me and enveloped under the folds of my dress I could see my breasts, sticking erect from either side of the halter straps. My nipples were sticking up like thumbs and I could have sworn my breasts were throbbing. They felt like that. Because of the attitude of my head, my chin and mouth were forced between them. I moved my head to one side and my lips brushed one of my breasts. I had a sudden terrible idea to kiss it, my own breast, that's how worked up I was. I tried to but I couldn't reach the nipple. When I had my orgasm I remember grasping both my breasts in my hands and squeezing so hard I bruised them.

Quest: Peter had penetrated you?

Teacher: Yes, I was so ready, my whole body shook when he did.

Quest: Did you take precautions?

Teacher: Peter always wore a contraceptive. I think it was to slow himself down – it did help a little.

Quest: Please go on.

Teacher: When I squeezed my breasts as I had my orgasm and Peter had his I slid off the seat against Peter and we both fell on the floor with me on top. He didn't believe I'd had one at first but when he did he was so happy he jumped on the seat beating his chest.

Quest: But this happiness didn't continue?

Teacher: After that he seemed to loose interest again.

Quest: Thank you.

Three **Housewife, 31 years old, brunette, town of origin Maidenhead**

This interviewee had been married twelve years and had two children. After leaving school she had worked as a typist and had first met her husband at the office Christmas party. Since then when able she did part time work but spent most of her day at home.

Quest: I'm sorry but I don't see how it can't not be adultery to seduce another man when you're married.

Housewife: You are stern and forbidding aren't you? 'I can't see how it can't not be adultery . . .'

Quest: It's clear you don't regard your extra-marital sex in that light.

Housewife: Adultery or not, it's over and done with now, John's forgiven and forgotten and I can see how very silly I was. When I think of the things I was sacrificing, everything, security, my family – for, well for very little in exchange, I break out in cold sweats. 'He wasn't as good as you John, you're enough for half a dozen women,' I tell him and it's true, not half a dozen women perhaps but it's true he's good in bed. I'm not very quick to orgasm and I can count the nights on one hand when he hasn't satisfied me.

Quest: I gather your lover left something to be desired?

Housewife: We call it the holiday that never happened. Whenever it's mentioned I say I've forgotten. And I have forgotten it except at odd times, once when I caught sight of my bottom in the bathroom mirror and I remembered something. Several other times when I put on a certain pair of special black frilly panties. I never wear them out. I keep them in the wardrobe and John doesn't know what they remind me of. I keep telling myself it's a harmless fantasy – I'm tempted to draw the bedroom curtains and take my clothes off and pose in them in front of the mirror as I did . . . that time.

Quest: These panties have a special erotic significance.

Housewife: We women might pretend to have forgotten but at the back of your mind and in your heart of hearts you remember.

Quest: And, I gather, despite anything else, with fondness.

Housewife: For a dreary old married woman like me, even if it wasn't very brilliant, it was exciting in a breathless way.

Quest: If the opportunity arose would it happen again?

Housewife: I very much doubt the opportunity would arise. John is apt to notice if my eyes stray. He notices me much more altogether.

Quest: Can you tell us how it happened?

Housewife: In a way it was John's fault. He decided we should go to a holiday camp for a holiday – we never had before and I didn't see why we should start then. He was dead set on going. There were so many things to do there, he said, and special children's groups so that we could enjoy ourselves on our own.

Quest: Didn't this appeal to you?

Housewife: Yes, it did. I thought of just John and I being together all the time and I felt quite excited. But it didn't work out exactly like that. John's more gregarious than I am and insisted we try and get paralytic in a different bar every night in the company of other couples. I kept thinking, John, why can't we be alone but he was enjoying himself too much so I just smiled and resigned myself to dancing with the merry pawing husbands of the wives he was dancing with. It did cross my mind that one or two couples were trying to engineer a wife-swap or something and it became a strain to smile and laugh with someone else's stodgy husband breathing down the cleavage of my evening dress and pressing his hips into my groin. The third night the idea of a wife-swap was suggested in the general conversation in a roundabout way. John made a joke of it but I noticed he studied my reaction. I couldn't have fancied the man but perhaps John fancied his wife – she was very big in the chest and the bottom with a pile of very blonde hair, obviously dyed. She laughed in a brassy way and I wouldn't have put it past her if she had been feeling John up under the table. I wanted to get out. So I said: 'But I don't want to go to bed with anyone else's husband, especially yours.' I said that to the brassy woman and she did have one of her hands under the table. I was tipsy but not so tipsy as John. John laughed it off and the other couple tried to laugh too. I took John's arm and he got the hint. We left but he was more inebriated than I had thought and when he hit the night air he looked like folding up.

Quest: Please go on.

Housewife: I was in a state looking about for some way of getting him back to our chalet and half tempted to let him find his own way when a young man came out of the night club bar and walked straight over to us. 'Can I help in any way?' he said. I felt too embarrassed to ask him to help so I said: 'It's all right, I'm just taking my husband back to our chalet. It's not far.' He insisted though. My arm was round my husband and he had one arm round my shoulders. The young man just lifted my husband's other arm put it across his shoulder and held him round the waist and said: 'Which way?' I pointed the way and off we went. John's a big man and we were both struggling under him. I got the giggles. I was tipsy remember. I don't know why I giggled. I thought, so this is my romantic second honeymoon and then I thought, we could do with the kids now, to help support Dad. The young man was puzzled but he went on huffing and puffing and hauling John along. I was hanging onto John more than I was helping him along. I tripped over on the grass by our chalet and sat down in my best evening dress giggling I could feel the cool grass through my dress and it passed through my head. I was going to wet my knickers if I went on like this so I tried to get a grip on myself.

Quest: Were you wearing the knickers in question?

Housewife: No, not those. Those were my special naughty night knickers.

Quest: So you sat down. What happened to your husband and the young man?

Housewife: They reached the door and my husband had recovered enough to find his keys. He sobered up quickly, looked at the young man, said something about: 'My wife will kill me when I get in. Go away quietly.' Then he opened the chalet door, went in and closed it very quietly. I nearly had hysterics. The young man came over to me looking out of his depth. He was ten years younger than me and he looked so innocent and puzzled. He shook his head and I giggled up at him. When he reached out his hands to lift me up I caught hold of them but my legs were rubbery and weak from my giggles and when he pulled me across the grass, my evening dress rucked up under me and I was sliding along on my bottom against the grass. That started me giggling more. My high heels were covered in bits of grass and the dress had come up at the front almost to my wet panties. He stared at me for a moment and I thought how I must have looked. It was a thrill, really. He came round behind me and put his hands under my shoulders and lifted me up. As I came to my feet one of my heels gave under my ankle on the grass and I staggered backwards into him. His hands slipped, it might have been accidental, it might not, onto my breasts.

Quest: Did this have any immediate effect?

Housewife: I was surprised it did. Since the children, my nipples aren't usually the most responsive part of me. His hands brushed very hard like a shock, an electric shock. I was wearing a bra but I felt them very definitely. What I really felt was his penis very hard and sticking up in his trousers against my bottom. I didn't realise what it was for a second. I thought it was a ruck in my dress. I reached my hand behind me but it was no ruck. My hand brushed his trousers. I didn't pull away immediately. Touching my nipples had an effect but so did the whole atmosphere. Suddenly it was exciting with the fairy lights strung from the trees and the dark blue sky and the quiet.

Quest: This turned you on?

Housewife: I said: 'Sore. I'm sore,' and turned to face him. He was puzzled again. I was deliberately leading him on. I felt like that. I felt full of urge, randy, willing, but curiously detached from it. 'What d'you mean?' he said. I said: 'Bum.' He still looked out of his depth. So I said: 'Bum, sore.' He didn't seem to know quite what to make of that. Perhaps he didn't believe his luck. Can you believe I would have liked to pull my skirt up and stick my bottom out, God knows why. I didn't though. I stared into his eyes or what I could see of them and silently dared him to do it. He put his hand on my bottom over the dress and rubbed it softly. I didn't move. It lasted about three seconds. I heard the chalet door open and my husband staggered out. I pushed the young man away and went to my husband as though I was just returning. He was surprised to see me. He never did remember much about that evening.

Quest: When did you see the young man again?

Housewife: I didn't see him during the day, he was working somewhere on the camp obviously. That evening my husband was again among his friends with me. I said I was going out for a breath of fresh air. I'm sure that woman had her hand on his knee again. He said, fine, with a great show of unconcern and I said, I might not come back in but go straight back to the chalet, in the hope that he might take the hint and come with me. He didn't, just said, fine.

Quest: Had you been thinking of the young man at all that day?

Housewife: Only with a vague horror of what I might have encouraged him to do if my husband hadn't come back out of the chalet.

Quest: Go on.

Housewife: As I went out of the door, a young man who had been staring at me, smiled. He followed me out and as I turned left to walk down among the trees came up behind me. I recognised him vaguely, something about his smile and his eyes. He caught up and said: 'No husband for me to carry home tonight?' Then I knew who it was. I blushed crimson and stuttered something. Then I thought, what am I acting like a coy girl about, why not, I'd show my husband, only it didn't work out the way I had expected.

Quest: How did you expect it to work out?

Housewife: I didn't expect to become so involved. I was almost caught sneaking into his chalet by the security guards. It's a heinous sin, sex with the staff, instant dismissal and disgrace.

Quest: When did you first have sex with him? That evening?

Housewife: First, his name was Samuel, Sam he was known as, obviously, and he *was* good looking. I fancied him again without the drink. He was working his summer vac as a swimming pool attendant. We talked about him and about me. We walked around but we didn't seem to get anywhere, then out of the blue he said, he'd like to hold my hand. I was silly, I asked why and he just said, because, that one word and took hold of it.

Quest: But you didn't pull away?

Housewife: I felt like a teenager on her first date but that didn't last long either. We were moving away from our chalet and we'd just circled round to it. We were going to another bar, not the one my husband was in. He said, didn't I fancy another drink. Actually I did. To cut a long story short we came out of the bar and he had his arm around me. I was worried about getting back to my chalet and worried about where my husband might be and what he might be doing. Actually he was still in the other bar with his friends. Sam walked me across the grass towards the chalet. He'd suggested I go back to his for a nightcap and I'd refused, saying I did have to get back before my husband. We were walking across an unlighted area of grass. Halfway through this dark area, Sam pulled me to a stop and turned me round. He put his hands on my waist and held me to him. I thought, I can stop him now if I wish and it won't go any further. I was in my evening dress with the low top and he brought his head forward very slowly and ran his tongue up my cleavage from where it went into my dress, up, up to here, then up my throat. My whole spine prickled and the hairs on the back of my neck stood up. When he found my mouth, I was trembling at the knees and he gave me a randy kiss. He held his tongue stiff right out, and as I parted my lips he slid it between them into my mouth and pushed it as far as he could. It was like a lollipop. He pulled away and his voice was very hoarse. He started telling me he'd like to kiss me all over especially my bottom. He asked me if my bottom was better. By then I was ready and randy. His hands were tugging my dress up at the back but while he was doing that he told me to stick my tongue out. He took it between his lips and sucked it into his mouth – John had never done that, it was very randy. He had my dress up over my bottom because it felt cool exposed to the air. Then he made do what I'd wanted to do the night before. He made me turn round and he went down on his knees and I said, what are you doing? He said he was looking at my beautiful bottom. It was perfect, he thought, a magnificent bottom. He started kissing it. Then he pulled my knickers down almost to my knees by putting his hands up the front and back of my dress. I felt his hands at my pubic hair. He pressed the front of my thighs with his hands and pressed his face into my bottom. Oh it was incredible at first, ticklish as well as sending shivers up my spine. I looked down and what I saw made me giggle. The back of my long evening gown had fallen over his head. I giggled at first and then I thought, what if my husband does see me? I pushed his head away and stepped forwards. He wouldn't let go of my thighs. I had to twist away. He let go and stood up and smoothed my dress. Sam was a bit put out I think. He sulked but he walked me almost to the chalet. I said I'd see him the next day and he had to be content with that.

Quest: Were you able to?

Housewife: My husband doesn't swim so when I said I was going to the pool he took the opportunity to spend lunchtime in the bar. Sam was waiting for me. I wore my small blue bikini. It's cotton with a gingham pattern and it fits me like a second skin.

Quest: Could you describe your state of mind at the time?

Housewife: All morning as I was waiting to go and getting ready my tummy was tied up in knots. I felt guilty about what I wanted to do with Sam and I was sure I must have looked guilty but until John went out I fussed around like an idiot.

Quest: What happened at the pool?

Housewife: I changed and went out beside the water. I couldn't see Sam at first and I was disappointed. I found a space and lay on my towel. I felt a shadow on me and it stopped. I looked up and there was Sam at my feet staring down at my gingham bikini panties. I blushed I might as well have been naked, the way I bulge forward between my legs. He bent down by my face and I saw him actually stirring in his trousers. It was so close I could have touched it. I didn't though. He said he couldn't stay with me but he was off in half an hour and he'd like me to go back to his chalet then because he had a present for me. It was a thrilling thought but I was in two minds whether to go. He left then and I was still thinking it over by the time I was supposed to be there. I changed back into my jeans and my bra and blouse and on the way I tried hard to pretend I was headed somewhere else.

Quest: Please go on.

Housewife: It was lunchtime and there were

Hand me my telescope, it's Better-see funfair

Nevile Player gets a bird's eye view of all the fun at the fair and finds what gets into dollies on the dodgems

Illustrated by Ronald Cobb

Pukes-Dobbing is in a foul humour. He is mercilessly battering his corn flakes to death with a two pronged cake fork and the kitchen breadknife.

'Look, Player, you foul blighter,' he crunches, 'what have you done with the bloody spoons?'

It is early morning in Pukes' breakfast room. He has come back from Monte Carlo and caught me.

'The spoons, Pukes?' I hazard. I had forgotten about the spoons. 'What spoons?'

'My bloody spoons. My spoons for eating with.' He thumps the table. 'You've done something nasty with them.' He flings the bowl across the room.

The bowl does not turn out to be a good fit. I take it off my head.

'What spoons are they, Pukes old buzzard?' I retain my cool even with cold milk in my eye. I had been trying to appear nonchalant by browsing through *Winnie the Pooh*. It was quite exciting. Piglet was in danger. I put it down with a sigh.

The phone rings and Pukes beats me by a hairsbreadth and I crash into the wall. 'Hello?' says Pukes and his mouth drops. 'Who? Who?'

He puts his hand over the mouthpiece and glares at me. 'And who the hell is Muff Diver McTavish?'

I try and brave it out. 'I give up. Who *is* Muff Diver McTavish?'

Pukes drops the phone and advances across the immaculate parquet floor. His fingers are twitching. I go for a quick walk through the French windows. Unfortunately they are not open. I pick myself up and throw Pukes a smile. He throws it back unopened.

'You're bloody Muff Diver McTavish, aren't you? It's you, you crumby bastard.'

'It's a long story, Pukes, let me explain.'

'Is this going to help discover the spoons?'

'In a way, yes,' I say. 'You know that view you have of Battersea funfair from your bathroom window?'

'Get on with it, Player.'

'Well, you know that very fine Kidditoy Moonprober Telescope you got cheap in the sale?'

He gives me an odd look.

'Well, I took the liberty of setting it up in your bathroom.'

I mentally reviewed how much to tell him.

Pukes has been away on a cruising binge around Monte Carlo on someone's yacht. 'Look Player,' said the same old Pukes-Dobing a while back, 'I'm off to Monte old man, keep an eye on my pad, there's a good chap.'

I did better than that. I moved in so fast his teeth started rattling. 'I say, Player, steady on, I haven't left yet.'

'Don't rush on account of me Pukes, use the spare room.'

Pukes' place is smooth. It was a relief to leave the brown paint and shared bathroom of the Goldhawk Road and have a few months on the lush.

'What do you want Player, you thieving crumb,' said Pukes, 'bloody *carte blanche*?'

'Just leave her address on the table, Pukes and I'll give her a whirl,' I said, locked in mental death struggle with Toad of Toad Hall.

The day Pukes left I discovered the view of Battersea funfair and the operational instructions of the telescope at about the same time.

Battersea funfair is not a difficult place to discover if you sit on Pukes' loo seat, mount the Kidditoy Moonprober on the soap dish and angle it through the window at about thirty-five degrees.

But what, you might fairly ask, is all this leading to? What is the sinister connection

between Pukes-Dobbing's missing spoons, the name of Muff Diver McTavish and Battersea funfair? Well, I'll tie up all the loose ends for you, eventually.

Battersea funfair is a fascinating place at the best of times and the most fascinating thing about the place from the Moonprober's point of view was wearing a very small purple mini dress and green boots and was travelling so fast I was working the telescope like Aunt Mabel stirring brandy pudding. Every afternoon at three precisely, there she was up aloft, whirling through the air in a flying bucket thing, always laughing, always alone and rarely wearing knickers.

Now, among the few facts that have remained at my fingertips for longer than point three of a second are one or two observations on girls in fairgrounds. In my time I've been heltered, skeltered, dodgemed, spun dry, whirled aloft, dropped on my left whanger, kicked in the teeth, raped with intent, raped in motorboats, raped in the ghost train, raped without a hope of success and worst of all had cold air blown up my trouser legs in the funhouse. Cold air up the trouser leg is the one thing that does not drive me wild with ecstasy.

Funfairs, I've often maintained, are places where girls wear kiss me quick hats, giggle through candy floss, let at least half of it hang out and generally show their knickers without turning a carefully combed delightfully fuzzy hair.

Take the first time I ever went to a funfair. It was the choir outing and there was a girl in our choir with an angelic little face and big round eyes under demure butterfly eyelashes that she used to look up at you with as though you were the only man in the world. Ah Sylvia, what was she? A right little soprano. That's what Sylvia was.

She had a thing about helter-skelters. It was, I discovered, almost impossible to get your end away on a helter skelter unless you go down backwards and she comes down forwards. Twelve times Sylvia went up and twelve times she came down on a little coconut mat that kept tickling my nose and making me sneeze. I was young, I was tender and I kept missing. Sylvia was older and wiser and when the wind blew her pink frothy skirt up she wasn't wearing knickers. But later, on the back seat of the coach, while the vicar buried himself up to the teeth in moulting candy floss, she pulled out my organ stop and changed me overnight from a struggling bass-baritone into a yodelling tenor.

Funfairs have that effect on girls. Or seem to.

Which reminds me of Angela. Angela was blonde and nearly turned me grey. Angela's thing was the whirling tub. It's a big bowl that revolves at high speed and makes everything slide up. The things it made slide up were (in strict order of appearance) Angela's dress, my blood count, Angela's gloriously naked breasts which rose right out of her dress like the full moon over the horizon when you're staggering home from a night out with double vision, and finally, me altogether, the entire Player himself. Unfortunately I was on the other side of the tub and as I went up I missed by a mile.

Later, as I calmed down over a quick banana milk shake, she pointed to parts of me that were still up and suggested I get them down. I readjusted my trouser turn-ups and covered my knees.

Then there was Sally. Sally was the one who gave me cold squirts up my trouser legs. Now, if you're following a girl in an orange dress through a revolving barrel effort with a floor that keeps rising and falling underneath you and shooting jets of air up your legs and suddenly her dress rises up to her waist and reveals a pair of matching panties pulled halfway down her sweet joggling buttocks, what do you do? Obviously you fall forward, grasping her by the panties, yank them down and contrive to fall over underneath her.

And what does she do, apart from giggling with glee, flinging her thighs as wide as they will go and nestling her breasts in your face? She smacks you in the teeth.

Fortunately I was quick to explain my position. I was quick because the jets of cold air were piercing to the very root. If you've ever stood under a cold shower when you thought it was hot you'll know what I mean. Also the floor was undulating so fast that every half second she was stuffing her left breast in my mouth. I could hardly breathe let alone taste it.

I finally gargled out that she was suffocating me.

Much later that day we were firm friends and in my Austin driving home I introduced her to an even firmer friend.

After this trip down the more scenic stretches of Memory Lane you'll realise why I spent many a long hour in Pukes' bathroom – other stories have been circulating and I wish to scotch them once and for all. I was doing nothing more harmful than waving Pukes' Moonprober out of the window and working out ways of enticing the delightful young thing on the whirling chair in Battersea funfair into Pukes' bedroom. Finally the solution came to me.

Pukes' spoons would do the trick. Why the spoons and not the knives and forks or any other of Pukes' kitchen furniture must be left purely to the fates. The spoons just seemed like a good idea at the time. That's what I told the man who looked after the whirling chair machine and who took my name and address and really did think my name was Muff Diver McTavish.

The fact that no newspapers carried word of my heroic rescue attempt of the girl in the purple dress who doesn't wear knickers, I can only attribute to sour grapes and the fact that my braces snapped before I could get off the ground thus preventing me from making it.

To the man who found a number of bent spoons jammed in the mechanism of his chair whirling machine I can only say that Mr Pukes-Dobbing of Pimlico would appreciate them back.

And to Mr Pukes-Dobbing I say, the name Muff Diver McTavish was concocted on the spur of the moment to discourage others from tracing my true identity. And please to drop the silly idea of a lawsuit over the spoons.

To the rest of you I say, girls who wear purple dresses and no knickers and fly about in whirling chairs at fairgrounds, even if you don't manage to rescue them, make very exciting lovers. It's in their blood you see. Excuse me while I fasten my leopardskin surgical truss and hook myself upside down from the chandelier.

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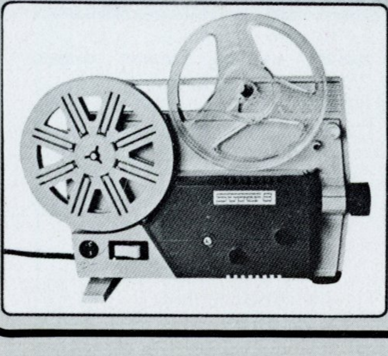

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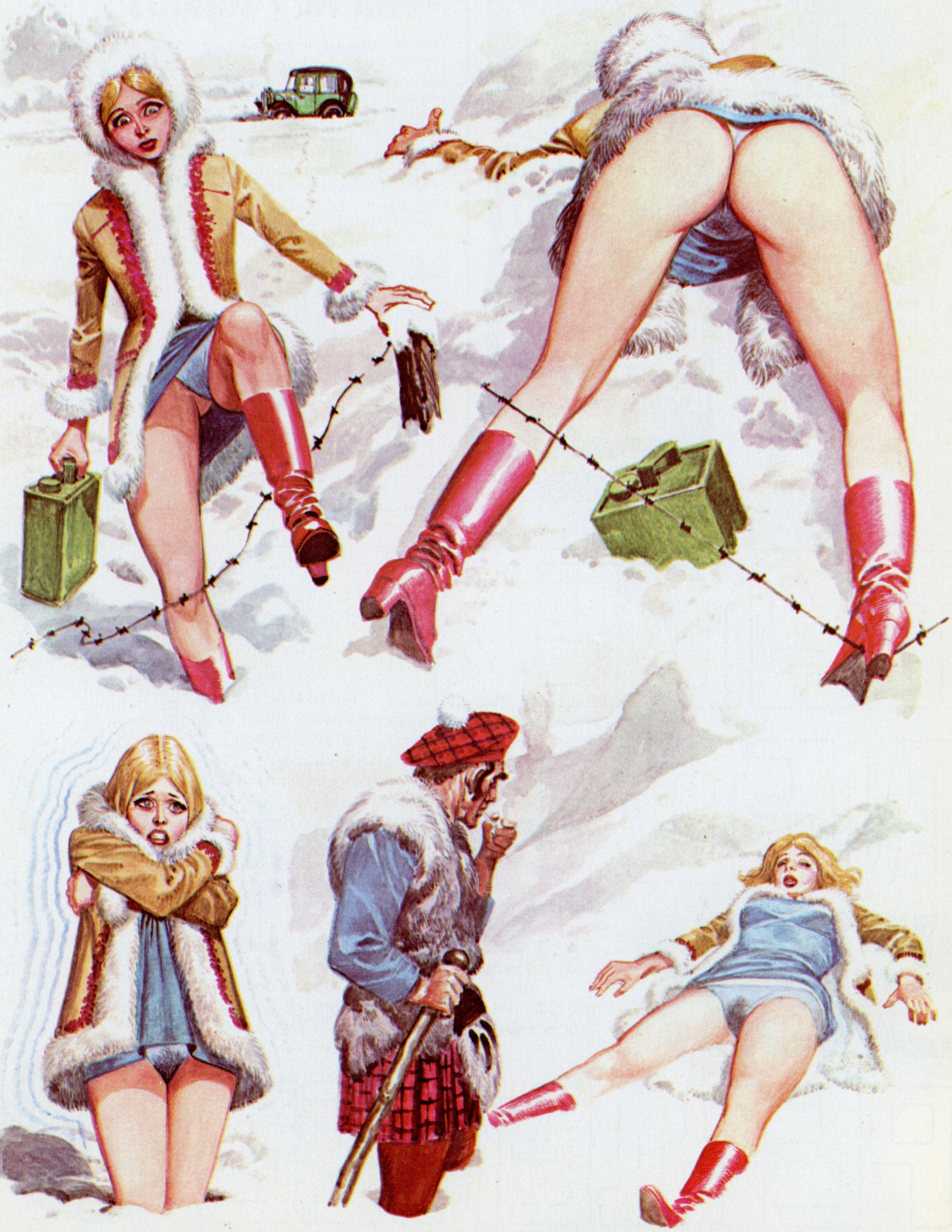Carrie on ice,
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